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OLIVER JOHNSON, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Cincinnati Republican.

OUR OWN CITY.

On our recent trip down the Ohio, we chanced to fall in with two Louisiana planters, who had been spending the summer in Virginia. After we became acquainted with them, we learned that they were bound to their homes on the Red river.

They had entered their names for Maysville, which seemed strange, as they appeared anxious to hasten home. Upon our inquiry of them, why they did not continue immediately on to Louisville, instead of going through Kentucky by land, they replied that they had three or four of their family servants with them, and they were apprehensive they might have difficulty if they landed at Cincinnati. They had every confidence in their servants, and they feared nothing from them, if they were permitted to act for themselves. They did not believe they could be *persuaded* away, but they had been informed there was danger that an attempt would be made to take them by force, under some recent decision of our Courts. They said they wished to purchase some five or six wagons for their plantations, and had been informed they could procure them cheaper here than at Maysville or Louisville, but they supposed the difference would not be a compensation for their risk and uneasiness. It was with great difficulty they could be persuaded there was no danger in landing at our wharf even for a few minutes. They finally concluded they would venture to land here, and take their families over to Covington till they had made their purchases. We landed before day, but very early in the morning, they informed us they had found a boat about starting to Louisville, and they had concluded it was more prudent to take passage immediately, which they did.

Another circumstance of a similar character came under our observation, in the same trip. When we landed at Guyandotte, several respectable-looking farmers came on board to engage passage for themselves and their families, including their slaves—in all, about eighty in number. They also wanted their wagons, (seven or eight in number,) their horses, and their "*plunder*," * freighted to their new homes on the Mississippi, above St. Louis. When they learned the boat must necessarily land at Cincinnati, they concluded they had better go through Kentucky by land, notwithstanding it would consume so much more time, and be quite as expensive.

We do not mention these facts for the purpose of producing excitement. Far from it. The late mobs have only had the effect to create the impression abroad that abolitionism prevails to a considerable extent in our city. This belief is encouraged by those who are envious of our prosperity. We trust, however, they may have some effect upon the reflecting portion of our abolitionists, and those who countenance and encourage them.

* Was there ever a more appropriate word for slaveholders to use, than this odd southwestern phrase for property?—*Ed. Standard.*

ABOLITION.

Candid observation has convinced us that the course of the abolitionists is producing serious and heart-burning jealousies between the free and slave States—daily making worse the condition of both the free negro and the slave—rendering the prospect of emancipation more remote, and materially injuring the prosperity and business of our city. The latter consideration would not be so worthy of notice if there were any corresponding good. But with all our inquiries, we never yet have been able to learn of a single beneficial consequence arising from their efforts. They collect money and spend it; and how? They publish inflammatory documents, which, instead of enlightening, only tend to irritate the slaveholder. Occasionally we hear of some unfortunate negro being aided in escaping from a comfortable home, and flying to Canada, where he suffers both from the climate and from an inability to provide for himself. But our object is not to heap abuse on their heads, or increase the prejudice already existing against them. They have sustained themselves and kept together thus long by working themselves into a belief that they were persecuted saints, laboring in the cause of philanthropy. Let them alone, and they will soon become ashamed of their own insignificance, and dissolve into nonentity.

They have been heretofore too much courted for their supposed political weight. This very fact, together with the open attacks upon them, has created the impression abroad that they have strength in our city. We do not believe there is more than a dozen or two of them, *all told*, who would either assist or advise a slave to run away. Be this as it may, we will not aid in giving them consequence in their own eyes or the eyes of others, *vote as they may*. They tried their political strength at the *Presidential* election—let them do it again. We do not fear that either party will suffer.

COLONIZATION.

What has become of our Colonization Society?—Who are its officers, and what have they been doing for the cause? From the zeal manifested on this subject some two years since, we hoped for beneficial practical results. The colonies are in a flourishing condition, and we are told that many of our most respectable negroes are ready and willing to emigrate. We can only remedy our present difficulties by sending the free negroes out of the country. They can never live among us without being the cause of frequent disturbances.

Our present law, requiring them to give security that they will not become a township charge, cannot be enforced. What can be done with those who refuse or are unable to comply? Where will you send them, or what disposition can be made of them? They are here, and the fault is not theirs. *The abolitionists are continually making their condition more pitiable, and rendering their presence more onerous.* This is not the fault of the negroes, nor does it render their claims on our philanthropy the less binding. Much has been done in other cities; and we know that as much benevolence prevails in Cincinnati as in any other city in the Union.

All that is necessary, is to place the facts before the people. Show them the way in which good can be done, and they will not be backward in furnishing the means. We think *the present* is an auspicious time for action. Will not the officers and members of the Colonization Society wake up and stir themselves? Our columns are always open for the advancement of this cause.

From the St. Louis Commercial Bulletin.

A LOVE FAT.

"If there is, under the broad space of Heaven, a soul senseless to all the feelings of humanity—devoid of one solitary spark of Christian kindness—hardened against the dictates of a disapproving conscience—it is the ABOLITIONIST—the cursed abolitionists who would instill into the dark minds of untutored ignorance the seeds of his unholy purposes—it is he who would tamper with the mind of an ignorant slave, and advise him to fly from the home of his master, by the promises of wealth and freedom."

The Standard.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Extracted from a Report made to the Legislature of New-York, 1841.

The recognition of the dangerous principle of the right of society to inflict the punishment of death for the purpose of "example," to deter from the perpetration of crime, has led, in all countries in which it has been recognized, to the practice of attaching this terrible penalty to a host of offenses of a minor character, against property, to the commission of which the inducement is of course derived from motives of a very inferior degree of force to those which usually impel to the monstrous and unnatural offense of murder. Yet it is a well-established truth, that while the danger of this penalty would not produce the effect of repressing the offense, *its removal, and the substitution of a different punishment, has always been found to be speedily followed by a diminution of the frequency of the crime.* A practical and universal acknowledgment of this truth may be found in the abolition of the penalty, by all the States in the Union, from all those minor offenses which were capital by the laws by which we were governed before the assertion of our national independence, and its restriction to a small number of the more heinous offenses, such as murder, arson, rape, treason, &c. On this point, Mr. Livingston thus writes:—

As it (the punishment of death) is acknowledged, then, to be an inadequate remedy for minor offenses, the argument will be restricted to an inquiry, whether there is any probability that it will be more efficient in cases of greater importance. Let us have constantly before us, when we reason on this subject, the great principle, that the end of punishment is the prevention of crime. Death, indeed, operates this end most effectually, as respects the delinquent; but the great object of inflicting it is the force of example on others. If this spectacle of horror is insufficient to deter men from the commission of slight offenses, what good reason can be given to persuade us that it will have this operation where the crime is more atrocious? Can we believe that the fear of a remote and uncertain death will stop the traitor in the intoxicating moment of fancied victory over the constitution and liberties of his country? While in the proud confidence of success he defies heaven and earth, and commits his existence to the chance of arms, that the dread of this punishment will "check his pride," force him, like some magic spell, to yield obedience to the laws, and abandon a course which he persuades himself makes, a "virtue" of his "ambition?" Will it arrest the hand of the infuriate wretch who, at a single blow, is about to gratify the strongest passion of his soul in the destruction of his deadly enemy? Will it turn aside the purpose of the secret assassin, who meditates the removal of the only obstacle to his enjoyment of wealth and honors? Will it master the strongest passions, and counteract the most powerful motives, while it is too weak to prevent the indulgence of the slightest criminal inclination? If this be true, it must be confessed that it presents a paradox which will be found more difficult to solve, when we reflect that great crimes are for the most part committed by men whose long habits of guilt have familiarized them to the idea of death, or to whom strong passions or natural courage have rendered it in some measure indifferent; and that the cowardly poisoner or assassin always thinks that he has taken such precautions as will prevent any risk of discovery. The fear of death, therefore, will rarely deter from the commission of great crimes. It is, on the contrary, a remedy peculiarly inapplicable to those offenses. Ambition, which usually inspires the crime of treason, soars above the fear of death; avarice, which whispers the secret murder, creeps below it; and the brutal debasement of the passion that prompts the only other crime thus punished by our law,* is proverbially blind to consequences, and regardless of obstacles that impede its gratification. Threats of death will never deter men who are actuated by these passions; many of them affront it in the very commission of the offense, and therefore readily incur the lesser risk of suffering it in what they think the impossible event of detection.

If the fear of death be so powerful a restraint upon the commission of crime, as is supposed by this argument, how happens it that the *multiplication of executions has always been found to be the multiplication of the crimes for which it is inflicted?* To this inquiry, *familiarity* would be no answer; because no frequency of executions could serve to weaken the force of those instincts which constitute the love of life, on the strength of which this argument is founded; while on the contrary the frequent reproduction of the appalling spectacle would tend to bring home to the bosom of the criminal the more certain realization of his own probable doom, as the penalty of his meditated offense. Every man must face his own fate—must pass through the fearful portal of the grave, to meet and solve the dark mystery of death—singly and alone. Though a million perish at the same instant, yet to each the summons comes with the same awful solemnity as though it were addressed to himself alone of his race. How happens it that, as Hume bears record, the execution of *seventy-two thousand* "great and petty thieves," in England, during the reign of Henry VIII. was totally inoperative to check the offenses for which these human hecatombs were sacrificed, on the altar of this principle of social expediency?

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If the punishment of death did indeed produce the effect of the prevention of crime, by the terror of its example, why, it may again be asked, have we abolished, with the unanimous approval of the entire community, the practice of *publicity* in its infliction? *Why does an execution in this State resemble now rather a private judicial assassination, which shrinks from the open view of the public, and perpetrates its revolting function only within the guarded precincts of the prison-walls, in the presence of a small number of official or privileged spectators?* They policy of the law, on that supposition, ought rather to be to assemble the whole people, old and young, from our farthest borders, to witness the scene of the terror-inspiring example.

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It must be manifest, that the extent to which the mere knowledge of the simple occurrence itself is diffused—independently of that striking impression on the mind made by the actual spectacle, reproduced and multiplied by successive narration from one to another—must be greatly reduced, now that it is confined to those who have to find it only in a written form in the newspapers; with which it is to be presumed that many, if not most, from among those classes from which such crimes usually proceed, are not often familiar.

It is very certain that if public executions will produce little effect in deterring from the perpetration of crime, by the actual spectacle of the awful "example" of the law, these unseen, unfelt, unrealized, and to a great extent unknown inflictions of the same penalty must produce much less. Now there is abundant testimony of the utter inefficacy of the former, even upon the very witnesses of the spectacle themselves. The poor wretch Leadings, who was recently executed in this city, for a very brutal murder, had witnessed an execution. "It is notorious," says Mr. Buxton—(we better know him by the simple title under which he was so long endeared to our hearts by his philanthropic labors, than under the knightly one which can add no honor to his name)—"It is notorious that executions very rarely take place, without being the occasion on which new crimes are committed. A pick-pocket being asked by the chaplain of Newgate, how he could venture on such a deed at such a time, very frankly replied, 'That executions were the best harvests that he and his associates had; for when the eyes of the spectators are fixed above, their pockets are unprotected below.'"

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"To those who still pertinaciously advocate the cause of death and vengeance," writes the very sensible author of *Old Bailey Experience*, "I say, if it can be shown that severe punishments, death especially, have not operated as a preventive, but have rather promoted crime, then all the arguments of those who advocate their continuance are answered, and their reasoning confounded. To prove the truth of this proposition, I refer to the evidence and opinion of all men who have been best acquainted on the subject; also to the tables published annually of increasing delinquency; and further to the incontrovertable fact, that in the memorable era of the one-pound note prosecutions, the faster they hung up their victims, the more rapidly men came to sacrifice themselves to the gallows, until the voice of their blood crying from the ground began to alarm even those employed in slaughtering their fellow creatures." "In the course of my practice," testifies a solicitor who had practised for more than twenty years in the criminal courts, when examined before a parliamentary committee, "I have found that the punishment of death has no terrors for the common thief; indeed it is much more a subject of ridicule among them, than of serious deliberation. The certain approach of an ignominious death does not seem to operate upon them; for after the warrant has come down, I have seen them treat it with levity. I once saw a man for whom I had been concerned, the day before his execution; and on offering him condolence, and expressing my concern at his situation, he replied with an air of indifference, 'players at bowls must expect rubbers;' and this man I heard say, that it was only a few minutes, a kick and a struggle, and all was over. The fate of one set of culprits, in some instances, had no effect, even on those who were next to be reported for execution; they play at ball and pass their jokes as if nothing was the matter. I have seen the last separation of persons about to be executed; there was nothing of solemnity about it, and it was more like the parting for a country journey than taking their last farewell. I mention these things to show what little fear common thieves entertain of capital punishment, and that, so far from being arrested in their wicked courses, by the distant possibility of its infliction, they are not even intimidated by its certainty."

Another witness, before the same committee, one of the magistrates of London, being asked, whether he thought that capital punishment had much tendency to deter criminals from the commission of offenses, answered: "I do not.....During one sitting, as a magistrate, three persons were brought before me for uttering forged notes. During the investigation I discovered that those notes were obtained from a room in which the body of a person named Wheller, (executed the preceding day for the same offence,) *then lay*, and that the notes in question were delivered for circulation by a woman with whom he had been living. This is (he adds) a strong case, but I have no doubt that it is but one of many others." "I never missed an opportunity," writes Mr. E. G. Wakefield, "of leading prisoners whose sentence of death had been remitted by the Council or the Secretary of State, to converse with me about executions, and the effect of those shows on the individual thus led to express his own feelings. With a great many capital convicts whose sentences had been remitted, I held a dialogue to the following effect. Indeed, what follows is copied, omitting some oaths, from a note made at the time, of a conversation held with a convict who was within an ace of being hanged for coining. *Q.* 'Have you often seen an execution?' *A.* 'Yes.' *Q.* 'Did it not frighten you?' *A.* 'No; why should it?'—*Q.* 'Did it not make you think that the same would happen to yourself?' *A.* 'Not a bit.' *Q.* 'What did you think, then?' *A.* 'Think? why I thought it was a d—d shame.' *Q.* 'Now when you have been going to run a great risk of being caught and hanged, did the thought never come into your head, that it would be as well to avoid the risk?'—*A.* 'Never.' *Q.* 'Not when you remembered having seen men hanged for the same thing?' *A.* 'Oh, I never remembered any thing about it; and if I had, what difference would that make? We must all take our chance. I never thought it would fall on me, and don't think it ever will.' *Q.* 'But if it should?' *A.* 'Why then I hope I shall suffer like a man—where's the use of snivelling?'" "Upon hardened offenders," Mr. Wakefield adds, "the execution makes no more impression than the death of a fly; while it is apt to convert the merely dishonest into the most violent and reckless of criminals. . . . Let the schoolmaster of Newgate be examined, and he will prove, that for some days after every conviction, a common amusement of the boys is to play the scene over again; one boy acting the convict, another the ordinary, a third the sheriff, and a fourth the hangman. I have seen this done many times; and on one occasion, before the bodies of the men just hanged had been removed from the scaffold."

* It should be borne in mind that Mr. Livingston was writing in and for Louisiana. The offense here alluded to is not now by the laws of New-York punishable with death.

THE USE OF COFFEE.

Extracts from Hahneman's Essay on Coffee, published in the 8th No. of the Homœpathic Examiner, New-York. This Essay has been translated into French, Danish, and Hungarian.

In order to live long and in good health, man requires food composed only of nutritious, and not of stimulating, medical substances; and drink which is merely fluid, or both fluid and nutritive, but containing no stimulating and medicinal substance, as for example, pure spring water and milk.

Of the condiments which gratify our taste, table salt, sugar, and vinegar alone, in moderate quantities, have been found safe and harmless for the human body. All other condiments, which we call spices, and all changes in our drink, which give it a spirituous or alcoholic character, approach more or less to the nature of drugs. The more they resemble drugs, the oftener they are taken into our system, and the larger quantities we use, the more hurtful and dangerous are they to health and longevity. The most serious circumstance of all, is the daily use of extremely powerful and purely medicinal substances, as articles of diet.

Medicinal agents are substances which do not nourish, but alter the healthy state of the system; and in fact every change from a state of health is a species of unnatural, diseased condition.

Coffee is strictly a medicinal substance. All medicines in strong doses have a disagreeable effect on the feelings of a healthy person. No one ever failed to be disgusted the first time he smoked tobacco. No healthy individual ever found strong coffee, without sugar, palatable on the first trial—a hint from nature to flee from the first temptation to overstep the laws of health, and not to trample so thoughtlessly under foot, the warning, life-preserving instinct within us.

If we continue the use of these medicinal articles of diet, whereto fashion and example seduce us, habit gradually weakens the unpleasant impressions which they originally produced. They even become agreeable; that is, the disagreeable impressions do not strike us so forcibly, and their imagined agreeable effects on our organs of sense gradually become necessary to us. We gradually annex the idea of happiness to the gratification of even fancied wants.

The irregular use of coffee at all times of day, its employment in such different quantities and strength, its general use by individuals of the most different degrees of bodily constitution and health, renders the task of the observer a confused one, and makes it extremely difficult to abstract its real operation from all these circumstances, and thence to deduce correct results.

Accurate, continued, prudent observation, as free as possible from deception, and careful reference of the symptoms to their cause, can alone afford information as to that most important of all drinks—coffee.

Its first effect is in general a more or less agreeable increase of the vital activity. The animal, the natural, and the vital functions, as they are called, are at first, for some hours artificially elevated by it; and the subsequent effect, after the lapse of several hours, is its opposite—an unpleasant feeling of existence, a lower degree of vitality, a kind of paralysis of the animal, natural, and vital functions.

When a person unaccustomed to coffee drinks a moderate quantity of it, or one accustomed to it, an immoderate quantity, his individuality, the sensation of his existence, of his vitality, is for several succeeding hours, more lively. His pulse beats fuller, quicker, but softer. His presence of mind, his faculty of attention and sympathy are more lively than in the healthy, natural condition. All external objects wear a sort of pleasing coloring, or varnish of joy, and, if the quantity was uncommonly large, an almost painful brilliancy. For the first few hours, satisfaction with himself and with all external objects is radiant in the coffee-drinker; and this especially was what promoted coffee to the rank of a social beverage.

After the close of our day's labor, we must, in the course of nature, become weary; an unpleasant sense of exhaustion in our powers of body and mind compels us to seek necessary rest. But this discontent and indolence disappears at once before this medicinal beverage, and an artificial liveliness, a wakefulness in defiance of nature, makes its appearance.

We require nutriment in order to live, and nature compels us to seek it by the gnawing, painful feelings of hunger and thirst. We drink coffee—and lo! we feel little or nothing of these painful sensations. True coffee-drinkers, especially women, who are deprived of the advantage of recovering from time to time, from the ill effects of this beverage, by exercise in the open air, know little of true hunger and thirst. The body is cheated out of its food and drink, and the vessels of the skin are forced against nature to imbibe as much moisture from the atmosphere, as is required for the absolutely necessary purposes of life.

The beneficent Preserver of all living beings caused in the healthy individual unpleasant feelings, on motion, after being satiated with food. These were designed to compel us to a certain quiet of body and mind, in order that the important task of digestion might begin undisturbed. Coffee does away this oppressed feeling, this heaviness of mind and body. Refined revellers drink it immediately after meals, and attain, in a great degree, this unnatural result. They become gay, and feel as light and lively as though their stomach was but partially, or not at all replenished. * * *

Thus we master the wise laws of our nature; *but not without injury.* When the first transitory effect of coffee has disappeared, the opposite condition, its *final effect*, follows. The more striking was the first, the more unpleasant is the latter. It is true, every man does not experience the same degree of injury from the misuse of a medicinal beverage, like coffee. Our bodies are so admirably framed, that provided only we follow a natural way of living in other respects, some faults in our diet, if not too gross, are tolerably harmless. On individuals who lead a sedentary life, the effects of all drugs is far stronger and more striking, than in robust persons, accustomed to labor in the open air, who can often bear very injurious things, without particular injury.

When the short period of exalted, artificial, vital activity excited by coffee, is over, a yawning indolence gradually creeps over us, and a greater inactivity than usual; bodily motion becomes more difficult than before, and the excessive gayety of the preceding hours changes into dulness. If coffee at first filled the individual with a genial warmth, the artificial spark gradually disappears, he becomes chilly, and the hands and feet grow cold. All external objects are less agreeable than before. He is more easily excited to anger. A sort of easily-pacified gnawing hunger takes the place of the healthy desire for food, and yet eating and drinking oppress the stomach and head still more. He has more trouble to gain sleep than previously; his sleep is duller than when he was unacquainted with coffee, and on awaking he is more sleepy, ill-humored, and melancholy than usual.

But the renewed enjoyment of this injurious palliative banishes all these complaints; a new artificial re-creation follows, however, less even than the first time. A repetition of the beverage becomes still oftener necessary, or it must be made stronger, to have the effect of stimulating life again for some hours. Hence the frame of the sedentary liver becomes still more enervated. The injury produced spreads too wide, takes root too deeply, to be removed even by a more frequent repetition of the palliative, or by stronger doses.

The skin generally becomes more sensitive to cold, and even to fresh air; digestion is more difficult; sleep ensues painfully, and affords little refreshment. On awaking, we are struck with dullness of the head, torpor of the imagination, slowness of recollection, helplessness of the limbs, and a joylessness which makes God's lovely creation dark and comfortless to the eye.

It would be difficult for me to point out all the mischiefs which prevail among the votaries of coffee, (sometimes under the name of weakness, sometimes of nervous disorders and chronic diseases,) which unnerve man, and make him degenerate mentally and corporeally. But it must not be supposed that all these mischiefs occur in the same degree to every coffee-drinker. One suffers more from one symptom of its final effects, and another from another symptom.

The teeth are not more speedily and certainly rotted by any other error in diet than by indulging in coffee. Next to grief, and the abuse of quicksilver, coffee destroys the teeth most speedily. Close air, and overloading the stomach, especially at night, also contribute to it. But coffee is in itself capable of destroying in a short time, or at least of making black, and yellow, this ornament of the mouth, this necessary organ of clear speech.

Coffee has the most injurious effects on children. Their complexion becomes pale, their flesh flaccid. It is only after a long time that they learn to walk, their gait is tottering, they fall easily, and always want to be carried. They desire many and various things, yet eat little. They are fearful and easily terrified. There is a rattling in the chest, from phlegm in the air passages of the lungs, especially during sleep, which no coughing removes. Usually, soon before going to bed, they experience redness and heat of one or both cheeks. They sleep but half, toss about in the night, often ask for drink, and cry in their sleep. They overcome all diseases with difficulty, and their recovery is very slow and imperfect. They are generally exposed to spreading inflammation of the eyes, not unfrequently accompanied with an eruption in the face. Ulcers which open slowly and lie deep, are often the results of coffee alone.

This inflammation of the eyes, rattling in the breast, and others of the above-named complaints, attack even infants at the breast, which partake of nothing but the mother's milk, in case the mother drinks much coffee, besides breathing much confined air. How wide-spreading, and *penetrating*, must the injuriousness of this beverage be, when even the sucking child suffers from it!

CAUSES OF THE SICK-HEADACHE, AND ITS CURE.—A doctor in New-York, in a letter to a gentleman in Boston, thus remarks: "Not a case of sick-headache has ever occurred within my knowledge, except with the drinkers of narcotic drinks, (meaning tea and coffee,) and not a case has failed of being cured, on the renunciation of those drinks. In saying this, however, it is by no means claimed that there are no cases of sick-headache to be found, except those which owe their origin to tea and coffee. I only affirm that I have never known of any such cases. Whatever may be said of the violations of physical law in other respects, tea and coffee may claim sick-headache as their highly-favored representative."

CORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Mr. Dowden rose to support a motion approbatory of Mr. Remond's exposition of the evils of slavery in North America, and said—Mr. Mayor, the last time I had the pleasure of meeting your worship in that chair, was when you presided over a meeting to promote Irish manufactures; it was a becoming position for the chief magistrate to lead those who were trying to liberate our fellow-countrymen from the slavery of poverty and want of employment; (cheers) and it is no less a worthy station to preside here, where men and women are assembled to demand that laborers of every color, and in every clime, shall be permitted to be citizens—shall be freemen. (cheers.) It may be said that American slavery is not an Irish question. Sir, the common rights of humanity have a right to require independence for all mankind; we have a right to do moral battle for them wherever these rights are withheld. Cosmopolitism may once have been a jest; but it is now a practical fact that the world is daily becoming as one in those diffusive things called humanities and the rights of men. Time was when patriotism consisted in limiting our love of justice to our own little borough, or city, or nation; but men have found out, Christianity has taught them, that to do good we are not to be bounded by land-marks—not limited by mountain-circle, nor by ocean's wave. (cheers.) America, then, and every spot of earth burdened by the footstep of a slave, demands our interference, and we freely afford it; nor is this exertion so remote from home interest as some may think it. (cheers.) Nations act upon nations, as men act upon men; we are in masses, as well as individually, in want of one anothers' approving sympathy. Freedom, the bold nursling of the western wilds, has long made itself felt in its operation on the onward destinies of Europe. These theories of liberty, which America and her history poured out upon the world with devastating effect upon white-slavery, we return to her now, sure that it will burst asunder the fetters with which she enslaves the black man, and still disgraces truth and consistency, by infamously violating her compact with her own citizens. (cheers.) But, sir, we have still more immediate application for the American anti-slavery agitation. Numbers of our people daily leave this country to earn that independent bread abroad, which their industry cannot command at home. We have here no intention to investigate the cause; but we have to deal with the result. It is not the most abject poor who emigrate; it is those who would wish to elevate themselves and their children into something of an independent competency, and, who, finding no means of doing so at home, are content to expatriate themselves, to secure their honorable ambition; and when I look around now, I see many of that respectable class, and of the relatives and connexions of such persons. (cheers.) I want to fix your attention on this slavery question, and to make slavery an object of your hatred wherever you may meet it. At home, as Irishmen, freedom has your warmest heart; go where you will, I pray you carry that much of Ireland unsullied with you—an Irish love of freedom! (much cheering.) Oh, preserve it pure, and shed its warm and forceful influence around you until freedom becomes irresistable, and bids every slave be free. (hear, and cheers.) Circumstances may arise which may for a moment lessen the intensity of this first love; but, oh, remember your home; never witness slavery tamely nor inertly. A countryman of ours, Alderman Watson, of Limerick, was in Paris on a Sunday, and saw, among other men, some Irishmen at work paving or flagging the *Boulevard* or *Palais Royale*, I forget which, on that day of rest; he felt his religious feeling outraged, and his humanity shocked, to see his countrymen such slaves as not to have to themselves even that sacred day of rest; he spoke to them, and bid them remember home; "Oh, Pat" said he, "if your old mother saw you a slave, and among slaves on a Sunday, what would she say?" It was enough; the home virtues of better days returned on them; they and their companions flung down their tools, and secured to themselves the humanizing influence of a Christian day of rest. (cheers.) Remember if you travel, and meet with those who would make beasts of burden of your fellow-men, and try, for lucre, to involve you in such degradation—"Oh, Pat, remember old Ireland; remember your mother; what would be the cry at home if your scandal and debasement was published?" (much cheering.) Yes, Irishmen, do your best to extend freedom wherever you go; the Americans are much under the influence of public opinion; do you carry to them some of that opinion; make yourselves missionaries of freedom, and a blessing will attend your work. Nor let any one tell you that your efforts are of no consequence. The power of one zealous, honest man is not to be despised. You recollect the Irish soldier in the American war—he was preceding a few men through a wood, and fell in with seven Hessian mercenaries; he brought his firelock to a charge, and cried, "lay down your arms, or else"—the mercenaries concluded that he was only the advance of a strong party at hand behind the trees, and they surrendered; he stood sentry over the arms until his own little detachment came up, and secured the enemy, when the serjeant said to him, "Pat, how did you take them?"—"Why," said Pat—"I surrounded them." (much laughter.) Now, though you may seem single-handed, you are only an advance guard of the humane, the wise and good of mankind; fear not then the mercenaries; be soldiers of liberty, and one of you shall disarm seven who only fight for slavery and debasement. (cheers.) But, believe me, our labor is not vain; the very wrath of the American slave owners indicates a change; we never are angry with what we despise, and the American pro-slavery men show, by their inhuman laws, that they fear that common tyranny would not hold their prisoners. But, men can bear a thunder storm which portends a change to fair weather; the transition state is generally marked by disturbances of the atmosphere, which are not comfortable to the indolent or timid; but we see a joyous future beyond the variations which precede it. It is true, a uniform dull day, such as this, gives no shadow, and so far some men can repose in its sombre light; but give to us to-morrow's dawn; when first it streaks the grey sky, it gives little shadow; as the daylight advances, it casts deeper shadows, and longer darkness on our path; and those men who are nervous, conjure up spectral illusions and tremble; but as the glorious light of liberty progresses, the strength of shadow but records the brightness of his light; until at length a noon arrives of meridian freedom which banishes gloom, casts no shadow, and bids mankind to glory in the perfect day. (cheers.) To be the humble instruments of such a consummation, we are assembled here to-day. To call us into action for such results Mr. Remond has lectured to instructed and gratified audiences. And, sir, before I close, I must say that it would be ingratitude not to add our thanks to Wm. Martin, who was the principle means of procuring to us the advantages of having heard the learned American, whose advocacy has renewed our anti-slavery zeal. It would hurt the feelings of Mr. Martin to speak of his zeal and hospitality; nor shall I do more than put his name forward in company of that which is the first object of our congratulation, and say that it is honored by being associated with every useful exertion which belongs to the emancipation and moral advancement of the slave. With these words, sir, I second the motion presented to you. (cheers.)

From the Philanthropist.

BASENESS.

Cleveland, Oct. 12, 1841.

DR. BAILEY:—As much interest has been excited in the case of the two colored persons, recently kidnapped in the State of New-York, I now forward to you a short account of this atrocious transaction, with the names of those concerned:

In August, a fellow by the name of Lidenburgher, from Louisiana, an expelled officer from the United States Army, and a regular slavehunter, came to this city. He called on one Jackson, a mulatto barber, and presented him two dollars for shaving him, thereby obtaining his confidence; and from him learned that he, Jackson, had employed a yellow boy by the name of Williams, then living in Buffalo, and also that the barber had assisted fugitives on the way to a land of liberty. The hunter now sought for and soon found suitable persons to aid him in his vile project, in the firm of Payne and Wilson, (technically known by the name of Fog and Dodson.) If the statement of the barber may be relied on, Wilson then called on him with law in his hand, from which he pretended to read, showing him that he had violated it, in assisting fugitives, and that the Penitentiary was the punishment for the offense. Thus frightened, to save himself, he agreed to accompany the kipnapper and his official Hyena on their piratical voyage. It is unnecessary to detail the black tissues of falsehood with which a yellow boy called Williams, and a colored man were inveigled to this city. Upon landing, the yellow boy was directed to some distance where he was seized by the jailer, whose Christian name is Liberty. The victims were put into a carriage and hurried to the house of one of the associate Judges, Barber, who it was expected would order the boys into bondage. But fortunately the Judge was absent. The county jail, built by the money of freemen, was now opened to secure the kidnapped victims of tyranny, and "*Liberty*" employed to guard them. On their way to the house of the Judge, Williams leaped from the carriage and ran for freedom. A fellow named Converse, a student in "Fog and Dodson's," office, possessing the dog-like qualification of a pair of long legs, and having but little weight of character to encumber him, volunteered to supply the office of a bloodhound for the hunter, and soon ran down his victim. The following day they were brought before the Judge and the court adjourned for a fortnight. Messrs. Bolton, Foot, Stetson, Stewart, Wade and Welles appeared for the defense. Payne, and Wilson, and H. Foot, for the kidnappers.

A demand in due form had in the meantime been made by the proper authorities in Buffalo, on the magistrates here, for the slave-hunter, and his accomplice, Jackson. A writ of habeas corpus was issued by Judge Barber and the warrant of the Magistrate for the arrest of the offender, declared to be deficient, contrary to the opinion of both associates (who advised with him,) one of whom is a gentleman of legal attainments. This course was now abandoned by the counsel for the oppressed, for obvious reasons, and the boy Williams gave bail in the sum of one thousand dollars for his appearance on the following Friday. The bail were three colored men. One was ample. It was thought best to release the boy in the evening; when lo! Liberty, the turnkey, refused to let him out without the order of the sheriff, and the sheriff demanded a special order from Judge Barber. The clerk made out and gave an order for carrying out the decision of the court, regarding the boy, but Payne the lawyer, and the sheriff opposed it so violently that he finally took it back again. The Judge was called in that evening when he said that since he had accepted the bail, he had learnt that they were colored persons, but that he would attend to it on Monday morning at nine o'clock. He had previously approved of the bail, as also had Judge Whittlesey and the Prosecuting Attorney for the county. He further observed that he "felt sorry for the boy, but it would not hurt him to lie in jail until Monday."—By this measure two days out of six were consumed, which the boy had for travelling 400 miles, and appearing before a Grand Jury, to have his wrongs redressed and his oppressors punished. On Monday morning, William's friends disdaining to have him liberated by a man whose conduct every candid lawyer in the community deemed infamous, obtained a writ of habeas corpus from Judge Whittlesey, and obtained his discharge on bail, when he and one of his bail started for Buffalo. Payne also embarked in the same boat, and accompanied them to their place of destination. An incident occurred on the boat which fully illustrated the correctness of the opinion of Judge Clay of Kentucky. The Judge is said to have declared, when he read the Black Law of Ohio, "that if a man should return to him one of his fugitive slaves under this law, he should watch him while in his house for fear he would rob him." The bail who was on the boat, a pious member of the Baptist church, says that Payne there told him that he had got from Lindenburgher $100, and had done with the suit; thus violating the old adage honor among * * * *. A yellow boy on board, whom Payne mistook for Williams, says that Payne advised and urged him to run away from bail and go to Canada. Payne and his associates were acting under the Black Law of Ohio.

Was not Judge Clay correct in his opinion?—On the appointed day the prisoners again appeared in Court and by their counsel prayed for an adjournment for one month, which was granted. The counsel for the prisoners then applied to the court for permission to visit the jail, a privilege they claimed, but one that had been denied them. Madison Miller, the sheriff of the county, arose and denied that permission had been refused them.—Messrs. Bolton, Wells, and Foot then declared that they had severally applied for admission to the prisoners, which was denied to them, thus virtually giving the lie direct to this functionary. A few nights after, when "*Liberty*," the turnkey, entered the cells, a white prisoner seized him and endeavored to escape. In the confusion the fugitives walked up to breathe fresh air, and the boy Williams did not return. The other did not leave the yard.—Williams now breathes the free air of Victoria's wild domain, and with him went ten fugitives, while the pursuers of a portion of them were in this city panting for their blood.

The cashiered officer of the army, felt it to be his duty as well as his interest, to help the wretched Jackson away. Ignorant and unable to read, this miserable dupe frightened into a course of conduct by the kidnapper and his legal Hyena, was forced to flee, to avoid the walls of the New-York Penitentiary, a punishment richly merited by his employers and deceivers. He has, it is supposed, gone to the "Queen City," where, when his character is known he will doubless receive the fraternal embrace of Mr. Gerk Flint, and his associates of the Cincinnati Market House Star Chamber, and be welcomed as one who has suffered the wears and storms of abolition persecution.

Yours, &c. KNOX.

P. S.—The Christian Witness, Emancipator, Friend of Man, and Zion's Watchman, and all other papers friendly to exposing baseness, are requested to publish the above.

From the Emancipator.

BLACK SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

It seems at the present time to be in a great measure forgotton, that, in proportion to their number, the colored people of the United States bore their full share of the dangers, sufferings and sacrifices of the Revolutionary war. If the facts in this respect could be, at this late period, collected, it would be found that scarcely a ship was manned, or a battle-field contested, in which colored Americans did not participate. In the debates of the New-York Convention, for amending the Constitution of the State, in 1821, Dr. Clarke, the delegate from Delaware county, speaking of the colored inhabitants, said:—"In the war of the Revolution these men helped to fight your battles by land and sea. Some of the States were glad to turn out corps of colored men, and to stand shoulder to shoulder with them. In the late war they contributed largely towards some of your most splendid victories. On lakes Erie and Champlain, our fleets were manned in a large proportion with colored men. In this very house, in the fall of 1814, a bill was passed, authorising the Governor to accept the services of 2,000 colored volunteers—volunteers to defend from inroad and ravage that very country which had treated them with insult, degradation, and slavery!"

The late Wm. Eustis, of Massachusetts, whose personal popularity enabled the Democratic party in that State to elevate him to the office of Governor, and in so doing, to break down the last stronghold of Federalism, in a speech in Congress on the 12th of 12th month, 1820, bore an emphatic and eloquent testimony to the efficient services of the colored soldiers of the Revolution. "In Rhode Island," said Governor E. "they formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity.—The gallant defence of Red Bank, in which the Black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor. Among the traits which distinguished this regiment, was their devotion to their officers.—When their brave Colonel Green was afterwards cut down and mortally wounded, the sabres of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, whom *he* was not ashamed to call his children. They hovered over him to protect him—*every one of them was killed!*" The venerable Dr. Harris, of New Hampshire—a Revolutionary veteran, nearly 90

ciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and thus preserve an army. They fought thus through the war. They were brave and hardy troops."

Governor Morrill, of New Hampshire, in a speech in Congress, in 1820, said: "Your soldiers of color have fought your battles. They have defended your country—they have preserved your privileges, but they have lost their own."

The celebrated Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, in his speech on the Missouri question, and support of slavery, made the following remarkable admissions: "They (the colored people) were in numerous instances the pioneers, and in all, the laborers of our armies. To their hands were owing the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of the country. Fort Moultrie gave, at an early period of the inexperience and untried valor of our citizens, immortality to the American arms. And in the northern States numerous bodies of them were enrolled, and fought side by side with the whites at the battles of the Revolution."

The venerable and respected James Forten, of Philadelphia—a man of color—has told us, that when the forces from the North marched through that city, one or more companies of black soldiers were attached to nearly all the regiments from Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. He himself, with nineteen other colored men, enlisted on board the "Royal Louis," under Capt. Decatur, was taken prisoner, and confined for seven months in the horrible old Jersey prison ship.

Such are the men, with their descendants, who are now persecuted and proscribed in almost all parts of the Union—the victims of mob law and black law in Ohio—and of the diabolical benevolence of colonization in Maryland. Even in Massachusetts, one of those old Revolutionary soldiers, if he attempted to seat himself in any other than the "negro car," on some of the railroads, would be thrust out with ruffian violence, and that, too, on the very anniversary of the independence for which he fought.—"Hail, Columbia!"

J. G. W.

A, B, C, of ABOLITION:

FOR THOSE WHO HAVE NOT YET EXAMINED THE SUBJECT.

ANTI-SLAVERY CATECHISM.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Question. Is there any truth in the charge, that abolitionists have tried to excite insurrections among the slaves?

Answer. This charge is destitute of the slightest foundation in truth. The abolitionists have addressed facts and arguments to the slaveholders *only*. They have never sought for any communication with the slaves; and if they did so, their principles would lead them to teach patience and submission, until their deliverance could be accomplished by peaceful measures. I believe the publications by the Peace Society do not contain so much in defence of non-resistance under injury, as the publications of the abolitionists. If it should be discovered that any member of an Anti-Slavery Society had tried to excite disaffection among the slaves, he would be immediately turned out of the society, with strong expressions of disapprobation. This false charge has been got up at the South merely to excite sympathy. A little while ago a paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers, concerning an *abolitionist* who had been overheard trying to persuade a negro lad to run away, and offering to forge free papers for him. It was afterwards ascertained that the man was a *kidnapper*, and took this means of getting the boy into his own power, for the sake of selling him. Complaints are made that pictures of a man flogging slaves have been on some of the books sent to the South; and it is urged that negroes can understand these pictures, if they do not know their letters. In the first place, the books are sent to the masters. In the next place, (as has been well observed,) the pictures represent a thing that is either true, or not true. If it is not true, the negroes would look at the picture without being reminded of any thing *they* had ever seen or known—if told that it represented a driver beating slaves, they would laugh at such Munchausen stories of things that never happened. On the other hand, if the representation is true, would the mere picture of a thing be more likely to excite them to insurrection than the thing itself? These stories of efforts to excite violence are mere spectres raised on purpose for the occasion. If you will take notice of the charges brought against abolitionists, you will find that they are always mere assertions unsupported by quotations, or any species of evidence. When I have read the resolutions passed at public meetings against the abolitionists, I have smiled at the farce which those men have been acting. In nearly all their resolutions, the abolitionists could most cordially and conscientiously concur. The enemies of the cause have in several cities gravely met together to declare that they do not approve of attempts to promote insurrections. The abolitionists agree with them entirely. With the same ridiculous gravity, they make known to the world that they do not approve of any legislative interference with the southern States. The abolitionists have never dreamed of any such interference. They merely wish to *induce the southerners to legislate for themselves*; and they hope to do this by the universal dissemination of facts and arguments, calculated to promote a *correct public sentiment* on the subject of slavery. This is all they ever intended to do; and this they will do, though earth and hell combine against their efforts. The men engaged in this cause are not working for themselves, but for God—and therefore they are strong.

Q. But do you believe the southerners ever can be persuaded?

A. At all events, it is our duty to try. "Thus saith the Lord God, Thou shalt speak my words unto them, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear; neither be afraid of their words, though briers and thorns be with thee, and thou dost dwell among scorpions." If public sentiment becomes universally reformed on this subject, it cannot fail to have a powerful influence. Slavery was abolished in the British dominions entirely by moral influence. Parliament never would have voted for the bill, the king never would have signed it, if an enlightened public sentiment had not made the step absolutely necessary; and the public became enlightened by the exertions of benevolent men, who were obliged to endure every form of obloquy and rage, before the good work was completed. The slaveholders are perfectly aware that the same causes will produce similar effects in this country. One of the southern editors has lately declared that what is most to be feared is, that these fanatical abolitionists will make some people of morbid consciences believe that slavery really *is* wrong, and that it is their duty to relinquish it. Another southern newspaper complains that the worst effect of this discussion is, that it is causing good men to regard slaveholders with abhorrence.

Q. But if the system works so badly in every respect, why are people so unwilling to give it up?

A. Human nature is willing to endure much, rather than relinquish unbridled licentiousness and despotic control. The emperor of Russia, and the pachas of Egypt would be reluctant to abridge their own power, for the sake of introducing a system of things more conducive to the freedom, virtue and happiness of their subjects. They had rather live in constant fear of the poisoned bowl and the midnight dagger, than to give up the pleasant exercise of tyranny, to which they have so long been accustomed. In addition to this feeling, so common to our nature, there are many conscientious people, who are terrified at the idea of emancipation. It has always been presented to them in the most frightful colors; and bad men are determined, if possible, to prevent the abolitionists from proving to such minds that *the dangers of insurrection all belong to slavery, and would cease when slavery is abolished.*

At the North, the apologists of slavery are numerous and virulent, because their *interests* are closely intertwined with the pernicious system. Inquire into the private history of many of the men, who have called meetings against the abolitionists—you will find that some manufacture negro cloths for the South—some have sons who sell those cloths—some have daughters married to slaveholders—some have plantations and slaves mortgaged to them—some have ships employed in southern commerce—and some candidates for political offices would bow until their back-bones were broken, to obtain or preserve southern influence. The southerners understand all this perfectly well, and despise our servility, even while they condescend to make use of it.

One great reason why the people of this country have not thought and felt right on this subject, is that all our books, newspapers, almanacs and periodicals, have combined to represent the colored race as an inferior and degraded class, who never could be made good and useful citizens. Ridicule and reproach have been abundantly heaped upon them; but their virtues and their sufferings have found few historians. The South has been well satisfied with such a public sentiment. It sends back no echo to disturb their consciences, and it effectually rivets the chain on the necks of their vassals. In this department of service, the Colonization Society has been a most active and zealous agent.

Q. But some people say that all the mobs, and other violent proceedings, are to be attributed to the abolitionists.

A. They might as well charge the same upon St. Paul, when his fearless preaching of the gospel brought him into such imminent peril, that his friends were obliged to "let him down over the wall in a basket," to save his life. As well might St. Stephen have been blamed for the mob that stoned him to death. With the same justice might William Penn have been called the cause of all the violent persecutions against the Quakers. When principles of truth are sent out in the midst of a perverse generation, they *always* come "not to bring peace, but a sword." The abolitionists have offered violence to no man—they have never attempted to stop the discussions of their opponents; but have, on the contrary, exerted themselves to obtain a candid examination of the subject on all sides.—They merely claim the privilege of delivering peaceful addresses at orderly meetings, and of publishing what they believe to be facts, with an honest desire to have them tested by the strictest ordeal of truth.

Q. But do you think a foreigner ought to be allowed to lecture on this subject?

A. We have some hundred missionaries abroad lecturing other nations—preaching against systems most closely entwined with the government and prejudices of the people. If good and conscientious men leave ease, honor and popularity behind them, to come here, and labor among the poor and the despised, merely from zeal in a good cause, shall we refuse to hear what they have to say? If we insult, mob, and stone them, how could we consistently blame the Hindoos and Sandwich Islanders for abusing *our* missionaries? We sent out agents to England, to give her the benefit of our experience on the subject of temperance; ought *we* not to be willing to receive the benefit of her experience on the subject of slavery? Let us candidly hear what these men have to say. If it be contrary to reason and truth, reject it; if it be the truth, let us ponder it in our hearts.

Q. But everybody says the discussion of slavery will lead to the dissolution of the Union.

A. There must be something wrong in the Union, if the candid discussion of *any* subject can dissolve it; and for the truth of this remark, I appeal to your own good sense. If the South should be injudicious enough to withdraw from the Union for the sake of preserving a moral pestilence in her borders, it is very certain that slavery cannot long continue after that event. None of the frontier States could long keep their slaves, if we were not obliged by law to deliver up runaways; nor could they any longer rely upon the free States, in cases of emergency, to support slavery by force of arms. The union of these States has been continually disturbed and embittered by the existence of slavery; and the abolitionists would fain convince the whole country that it is best to cast away this apple of discord. Their attachment to the Union is so strong, that they would make any sacrifice of self-interest to preserve it; but they never will consent to sacrifice honor and principle. "Duties are ours; events are God's!"

Communications.

LETTER FROM D. L. CHILD.

NORTHAMPTON, Nov. 10, 1841.

I made a journey from this place, directly across the country, to West Chester, in New-York. The main motive for choosing this unfrequented way, was an old desire to see the Housatonic and its valley. Its musical, aboriginal name, and arrowy course, from the western and wooded hills of Massachusetts, had imparted to it a certain interest from my earliest map-lessons.

This route lies through the westerly part of Hampden, in Massachusetts, and Litchfield and Fairfield counties, in Connecticut. It abounds in beautiful woodlands and highlands, none, however, rising to the grandeur of mountains. The highways are poor. In some places it would be very difficult for them to be otherwise; but for the "corduroy roads" and bridges, along the valley of old and industrious Connecticut, no apology can at this late day be offered. I supposed that such ways were gone to Iowa and Wisconsin.

Litchfield, situated at the summit betwixt Farmington and Housatonic rivers is a pretty town. Its famous Law School has ceased. All the old lawyers, who used to conduct it with so much reputation, are dead. In the public house I listened to a politician, who charged abolitionists with "seeking office, like the rest." He seemed to take it for granted that all abolitionists belonged to "the third-party."

At New Milford, I reached the Housatonic, and saw the stream in its rural brightness. It flows placidly here, with just size enough to touch the majestic. In other parts of its course it is, I am told, impetuous. New Milford is the present termination of a railroad from Bridgeport, thirty or forty miles. This is to be extended up the valley; and the work is now going on, as the explosions of rifted rock, from time to time gives cheerful note.

At New Preston, on the Litchfield road, are inexhaustible quarries of marble. They send the article hence to all the southern and western cities. This marble varies much in quality. Some is of a dazzling whiteness, and some more or less clouded. On a small and pleasant stream, running, like streams of the Alps and the Jura, the length of the village street, stand a number of *stone* sawmills.

I have seen the workers in stone of different countries employed in sawing it into blocks and slabs, but always by hand; as in Spain and Portugal they still saw their boards. A branch railroad to this place from New Milford, would accelerate wonderfully the trade and manufacture of the commodity.

There are more indications of excessive drinking in Connecticut, than I should have expected to meet in the land of steady habits, and in the present stage of the temperance reformation. I found but one temperance house on the part of the route, lying through that State. Drunkards and hard drinkers appeared numerous and undaunted. At New Hartford, a pleasant village on the Farmington, I heard from a gentlemanlike man a detestible technical, which I never before heard in New England, and supposed to be confined to the South and West. He asked his companion, if he had *liquored*. He replied in the negative, adding that he supposed "a little would do him no harm." Hereupon they stood to the bar and took a good deal.

Ridgefield, with a neat and attractive street, extending nearly a mile, was the last town in Connecticut, on this journey. The inhabitants were busy in building two churches, methodist and episcopal. I was told that some years ago a meeting-house was blown sky-high, because an anti-slavery lecture had been delivered in it. This pestilent discourse had rendered the walls unclean to the Christians congregating there. A carriage-factory, rearing its vast sides hard by, and probably supplying the southern market, with whole freights of coaches, buggies, and cabs, disclosed to my reflection the immediate cause of that explosion; an emblem, perhaps, of a greater church-explosion, to be fired from the alter of the same lewd and bloody idol.

Bedford, the first town I reached in New-York, has a pleasant and respectable temperance house. I had to regret having learnt this only on my return. For the present, I took refuge from rain and hunger in "a rum one." I heard an ill-natured conversation betwixt the hostess and her customers about one of our most excellent and useful anti-slavery writers; the reader will readily conclude that I mean Judge Jay. "He came near being rid upon a rail," said a tall toper, in a fear-nought coat, and a tarpaulin hat. I ventured to inquire what it was for. "For making a speech at an abolition meeting in the Court House." "Do you think people could be found here to do that?" "I guess there could; we are no great abolition here. I wouldn't had a hand in't, though I wouldn't a cared if I had seen it done." "Had he not a right to speak upon the subject of slavery?" "Yes; and we had a right to ride him on a rail." "I have heard you speaking for some time on that subject; do you think it gives me a right to ride you on a rail."—"No." "Why not?" "Because niggers are not the same as us." "How do they differ?" "They aint the same color." "There are no two nations, and scarcely two individuals, in the world of precisely the same color; yet all are of the human species." "May be so; but as for these lazy, black rascals, I know they are not the same." "Wherein do they differ? If they are lazy, so are whites. They love and hate, like whites; only they do not hate their brethren on account of complexion. They waste their time, and mispend their money, like whites. They break their promises, lie, steal, and get drunk, like whites." At this part of the conversation, the proud champion of caste was carrying a glass of Santa Cruz from the counter to his lips, but he suspended it midway, apparently confounded at so close an argument of identity. He recovered himself; and observed that, during the speech at the Court House, the people began to cry, "nigger baby!" "What did they mean by that?" "Oh, he had a dead baby, as black as ink, sent him for a present, in a mahogany box." "I see nothing discreditable to him in that; or very witty in those who sent it." "No; but then it was a good joke upon him for this nigger business."

Alas, thought I, against such ignorance and meaness, how vast the work not only of establishing liberty for the slave, but of preserving it for the free. Let every friend of the slave and of man, renew and redouble his zeal.

D. L. C.

LETTER FROM E. D. HUDSON.

SHERMAN, ST. JOSEPHS CO. MICH. 10th mo. 20th, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

"Are Friends careful to bear their testimony against anti-slavery?"

With few exceptions, *professed* Friends are careful to bear their testimony against *anti*-slavery.

At their Yearly meetings, in Ohio and Indiana, (with the exception of some heretical, George-Fox Friends,) they ordered anti-slavery to be turned out of their meeting-houses, and faithfully warned their young members to carefully avoid its contaminating influence. In most cases, professed Friends denounce *anti*-slavery men, who "cry aloud" against the bloody system of slavery, as "the disturbers of Israel"—"turning the world upside down;" and those who refuse to bewray the hungry, thirsty, naked, sick, and friendless stranger, as "kidnappers." In most cases, professed Friends bear a testimony against anti-slavery, in declaring epistles from slaveholding States as authentic inspirations against abolitionists, while the epistle of Joseph Sturge, and the London Yearly meeting, they consider a "foreign interference," heretical, and mischievous. In most cases, professed Friends bear their testimony against anti-slavery, by disowning those who sigh and cry for the abominations and oppressions in the land. Those whose ears are open to the cries of the poor and needy, they declare "disorderly," and "disturbers of their *quiet*;" and worthy only to be dealt with by those who feel inspired for the slaveocratic work. With few exceptions, professed Friends lend their influence against anti-slavery, by declaring that "slave-labor produce should not be considered '*prize goods*,' inasmuch as their discipline did not originally contemplate them as such, and because slave labor is sanctioned by the statute laws of our country!" A Quaker minister, in full fellowship with Indiana Yearly meeting, from Philadelphia, boasted of the chivalrous conduct in one of the boats on the Ohio river, in uniting with slaveholders in lynching an abolitionist, Mr. W——, and setting him on shore. For his honorable services, the menstealers gave him the cognomen of "General." This statement was affirmed by their victim, Mr. W——, in an interview which I have since had with him. These, and numerous other like testimonies, are such as professed Friends generally bear against *anti*-slavery.

"Are 'Friends' careful to bear their faithful testimony against American *slavery*,' the vilest system that ever saw the sun?" Yes! *all* "Friends," who love their neighbors as themselves; all who possess "the spirit of the Lord God"—those only whom Christ will recognise as "Friends"—do bear a faithful testimony against slavery; it being ever the spontaneous, the legitimate work of the spirit of the Lord. In these vicious and vitiating times, we are taught by every day's observation, that *profession* is one thing, and a *living, governing principle*, is another. All are no more Quakers who profess to be, who wear broad-brimmed hats, and straight coats, and say thee and thou, than all are Christians, who belong to the present slaveholding organizations called churches; or than all are democrats, who talk loudly about democracy, liberty, equality, and *inalienable* rights.

Like all other sects, they, as a body, have become a cold, formal abstraction; their vitality has gone; their light hid under a bushel, so tight that it has suffocated and expired. We behold nothing but a sectarian candlestick.

The numerous and pressing invitations we received from Friends in Richmond, from various sections of Indiana and Ohio, to visit them before we returned, induced us to separate for a season; and while brother Burleigh visited Cincinnati, and the western part of Ohio, I agreed to visit some portions of Indiana. Accordingly, I made my first visit from Richmond to New Garden, the residence of our uncompromising "friends," the editors of the "Protectionist" and "Free Labor Advocate," Arnold Buffum and Dr. Way. This is a large settlement of Friends. They are mostly worthy of the name, and are "zealously affected in the good cause." There are some here, clerks of Yearly meeting, who cry out lustily against anti-slavery operations; who carried their pro-slavery turning-anti-slavery-out-of-doors questions rough-shod over the heads of hundreds of remonstrators, on the ground that it was the duty of Friends to keep up their separating wall against the world. This same clerk, and others, go into the pulpits of other meeting-houses, and harrangue "the world," in meetings of education societies, agricultural associations, financial, &c.

Here brother Burleigh had a few evenings previous addressed a large and crowded audience, in the Friends' meeting-house, on the antichristian and illegal institution of slavery, and the powers which had fostered and perpetuated it, &c. I held a meeting in the Methodist meeting-house—had a large audience, mostly Friends, who listened attentively nearly two hours to my discourse, on the application of the Christian and republican principles of our country, and the moral obligation of living them out, and the effect of so doing on the system of slavery, illustrated by what our moral efforts had already effected in this and other countries, to render the public mind more healthy. After the meeting, about a dozen subscribers were obtained for the Standard, and encouragements given of increasing them to twenty or more. Friends here gave me a hearty God-speed, and bade me not to be disheartened, though I found some "meeting-houses closed against me." And I went on my way to Randolph county.

In Winchester, I found Church and State had made a common cause of pro-slavery, and the court-house and "steeple-houses" bolted and barred against the cause of the oppressed. A few friends, after consultation, concluded it best I should take a stump in the public square for my pulpit, and the heavens for my sounding-board, and let my voice reach every log-cabin it could. Accordingly, as a warning to the people, they gained access to three or four bells on the taverns and school-houses, and made them chime to the tune of "Liberty's Call," and I took my stand, and addressed an audience of forty or fifty who had gathered, beside numerous others, who stuck their heads from their windows and doors. I endeavored to show what we had to do with slavery, and what aggressions it had made upon the liberties of the people of this country—even bolting and barring our meeting-houses and halls of justice against the cries of the down-trodden and oppressed; gagging our prophets, and requiring them to prophesy deceitfully; corrupting the people, hardening their hearts, darkening their minds, drying up their humanity, and causing the spirit of the Lord God to depart from them. I showed that slavery trampled on every constitutional and "inalienable right" of the people, and lived continually at the expense of freedom, and the industry of the free States. We continued our meeting until the shades of night began to gather around us, and we were warned by some of the rotten arguments of those who do the bidding of slavery, (who love darkness rather than light, to do their deeds in, because they are deeds which would cause the sun to blush,) that we must adjourn. There are a few good and true friends to our cause here. After doing something for the Standard, I went on to Economy, in Wayne county. Here I lectured twice, to a large audience, in the Friends' meeting-house. Our meetings were lively, and the spirit manifested by the Friends here was a cordial to my weary and drooping spirits. One warm-hearted woman said "they had no lock and key to their meeting-house, and she did not know who would take it upon them to fasten on one." A large family of colored people, recently emancipated, reside here; they are very industrious, and enterprising, and are allowed equal religious and school privileges with the other people.—They felt that they belonged to a persecuted and proscribed class, and expect soon to experience the afflictions which had been heaped upon their brethren in the south part of the State, and in Ohio; that no rest will be given them by their cruel, persecuting white brethren.—"O, Lord, how long?" Found an active, enterprising Friend here, Andrew Spillard, who goes forth occasionally with his spiritual weapons, making war upon slavery, "from conquering to conquer." A bundle of the Standard was subscribed for here.

A few "friends" accompanied me to Hagerstown, where an appointment had been sent for a meeting.—The hostess where we stopped, formerly from South Carolina, objected to abolition, because she thought it favored "amalgamation!" As she was from the very hot-bed of slavery, I asked her if slavery was a system of amalgamation? and if abolition could possibly be worse? Her cheeks mantled with shame! for she well understood the concubinage system of the domestic institutions of the South. As no public or private house could be occupied here for an anti-slavery lecture, and quite a gathering had occurred at an auction sale, one of my friends proposed to the landlord to let me stand in front of his house, on an offset, and address the people at the close of the sale. This he forbade; and while I was remonstrating with him for his illiberal, anti-democratic conduct, and holding up that spirit as the spirit of slaveholders, of despots, who always wished to put down free discussion, I went on to expatiate to some extent on the dangerous system of slavery in our country, and the tenure by which we held our own rights, i. e. by not daring to exercise them. I urged that to secure our own rights, we must secure to our neighbor the free exercise of *his* rights; the spirit that would take away our neighbor's rights, would likewise alienate our own. I alluded to the declarations of slaveholders concerning the laboring class in the free States, and said the cry of "hard times" was the result of slave labor, living at the expense of free labor. I was going on to illustrate how it was so, to the audience, listening with opened mouths and astonished expressions, when the landlord, who had forgot himself, was aroused to the interests of his masters, by some one responding, "That is genuine democracy!" he ordered me off, in a great hurry: thus, after putting a little abolition leaven into some of their heads, I went on my way. I went to *Liberty*, (alias slavery, township,) and stopped with some true-hearted "friends," who anticipate much trouble and persecution from an anti-abolition association, of about two hundred individuals, who have agreed to exterminate every abolitionist from the town, unless they will cease agitating the subject of slavery.

First day, 10th, I went to Greensborough, Henry county, to fulfil an appointment, where I received a hearty welcome. Held a meeting in the afternoon and evening, in the Friends' meeting-house, which was large, and crowded to overflowing; the greatest interest manifested that had ever before been witnessed. Some one was observing that they were disobeying the orders of Yearly meeting, in opening their meeting-house, when an old, grey-headed Friend animatedly and archly replied, "they had not received any official orders from Yearly meeting yet; and their house would not be shut up against the cause of the poor and down-trodden, at least until they received something authentic." We had a joyful time here. I imagine that slavery cannot shut this Friends' meeting-house. There remaineth too much of the spirit of George Fox, of Penn, of Benezet, and Woolman, for slavery to cope with, successfully. Several subscribers for the Standard were obtained, and an effort will be made to raise a large subscription for it.

Second day, 11th, I lectured in the afternoon in Huntsville, Madison county, to a small audience, on slavery as it is, and "who are the slaveholders?" Those present appeared to be very much edified. In the evening, I held a meeting in Pendleton, in the Baptist meeting-house.—The audience very respectable, though the weather was unfavorable. They listened to me two hours, while I illustrated the interference of the free States in perpetuating and sustaining American slavery; and the injury slavery had inflicted on them, in a moral, political, and financial point of view—the necessity and legitimate result of one class of men oppressing another class.

During the meeting our attention was diverted for a moment, to a volley of pro-slavery, rotton arguments, against the windows of the house. The light of the next morning exhibited the mean, dirty work of the minions of slavery. Our worthy friend, Dr. Edwin Fussell, resides here, and affords a noble example of self-sacrifice to the cause of impartial freedom.

The next day, Dr. Fussell and others accompanied me to Andersonton, the county seat, to fulfil an appointment. The court-house was locked up, and the key, nowhere to be found; the slavocrats chuckling, and trying to keep the people away. The query "what have we to do with slavery?" was often raised—to answer which, I asked them, "What locked up their court-house? If Liberty would lock itself out doors,—or if slavery had turned the key against her, under permission of the commissioners of the house."

This was a hard question: A recreant son of the law, from old Massachusetts, began to apologize for slavery. "He had been to Virginia, and the slaves are well off." A few questions put him to the blush, and to silence. "Oh, he did not approve of slavery." When a swarm of lawyers came up boldly to his relief, and 'squire W. brother to Ex-Governor W. "said that slavery was the legal institution of the South, and we had nothing to do with it." I asked him if any State, or nation, could legalize slavery? If taking away from men, women, and children *rights* which are *inalienable*, could be in any case legally or morally right? After some shrugging, and attempts at evasion, he admitted, "they could not."—Well, then, sir, you ask what have we to do with what you admit to be both morally and legally wrong. Have not the nominally free States entered into a league with the owners of slaves to help them keep their bondmen? thus making the free States in reality slaveholding States? Have they not entered into a compact with the slave-owning States, which is both legally and morally wrong? He replied, that we had, and were under the necessity of doing so, for the defence of our country. *Our compact* was the consideration for which the South consented to come into the Federal Union, and help us against British aggressions; and we were bound to keep our compact inviolate, until we returned to the South the consideration, or its equivalent."

I replied, what help has the South ever been to our country, to defend it against foreign aggressions?—How was it in the Revolution? They furnished a few officers; but did not the British have full possession of the South, until after they had been routed from the North, and the northern armies marched down and captured Cornwallis? And in the last war, could the British ever have gone up three hundred miles on any river in the free States, and taken any northern city, sacked and burnt it, as they did Washington? Then, how, or for what, are the nominally free States indebted to the slave States? and how long is it *right* to keep a compact which is legally and morally wrong? You say, "until they return the consideration for which they agreed to do that which you admit to be both morally and legally wrong." Will you go into this court-house and plead before the Judges which sit on this bench, that it is the duty of an accomplice in crime to continue to help the thief, the robber, the assassin, until he returns the consideration for which he consented to become an accomplice in such criminal acts? "Oh," says the lawyer, "I did not know who I was talking with. I have paid little or no attention to the subject." "As a professional lawyer, however, you ought to understand the fundamental principles of law, and never for a moment countenance a system which is incessantly and in every instance morally and legally wrong. Several lawyers, and many of the citizens who stood by, saw their leading slavocrats back out, and laughed them to scorn. A leading merchant in the village was afterwards heard to say, "The abolitionists, have so much truth on their side, we can do nothing with them; therefore, our best course is to keep away from their meetings." "They will not come to the light, said Christ, lest their deeds be reproved." In the evening Dr. C. and several gentleman called on me.—The Dr. is quite a politician, and began to apologise for the court-house being locked up; said "he was a democrat, in favor of free discussion; though he did not know as he had any thing to do with slavery." I asked him if a man could be a practical democrat and not a practical abolitionist? "He did not know." Well, will you define democracy? Oh, says the Dr. "I know I shall, by so doing, commit myself." He is afraid of his political reputation, and of losing his bread and butter, if he becomes an abolitionist; an apt illustration of the position and fears of nine-tenths of all professional men. Our hope is in the independent yeomanry, who can labor for their own bread and butter. In a mock legislature, held in the court-house, (the key being found) Dr. R. moved a resolution, "That the freedom of speech, and liberty of the press, were the dearest rights of freemen." An amendment was offered, "that the closing of the court-house doors against the freedom of speech, was a practical illustration of the value of those rights." Another 'squire moved the resolution to be laid on the table; "he thought it an unfit time to introduce such a resolution, while the town was under the present excitement."—Our friend Fussell thought that, on the whole, more good had been effected than if the court-house had been opened.

From Andersonton, I went to Marion, Grant county, held a meeting in the court-house. The audience listened attentively till nearly ten o'clock. I urged what we had to do with slavery, the positive and negative guilt of Church and State; and the financial operations of slavery on our nation; what we could, and what we are morally bound, to do. At the close, obtained subscriptions for a bundle of the Standard. From Marion, I followed the beautiful Mississiniway river, down to the Wabash; through woods, and mud, over stumps and logs, to Peru, in Miami county. The country new, no roads, and travelling very wearisome. Passed through the Miami Reservation of the Miami tribe of Indians,—on which the white faces are fast settling, and crowding off their red brethren. It was sickening to witness the selfishness and meanness, which characterised the people. The poor, red brethren of the forest looked mournfully indeed, to see the encroachments upon them; and they about to be driven from their beautiful lands, their delightful rivers for fishing, on the banks of which I saw their Indian graves; their green little patches neatly cleared off, where they assembled for their green corn dances and pastoral songs. A treaty is about being concluded with them for their removal to the far west. The government was about making them a payment, and the avaricious pale wretches were flocking in with horses, guns, blankets, and whisky, to cheat them out of all their money. In Peru, my appointments had not been given out, and I found no one who felt interested enough to help in getting up a meeting. I was compelled to leave this flourishing region to the unhallowed influences and control of whisky and slavery. The northern part of this State has been left mostly to grow over with the noxious effects of intemperance, rank covetousness, and slavocracy. Emigrants in great numbers are constantly coming in here, mostly from the slaveholding States; beautiful little villages are springing up; and as slavocracy has been their school-master, from whose absolute power and despotism they have fled to a country where they themselves can be free—free to gratify their own selfish feelings and ends—they would be a strange instance, as they grow fat, if they did not imitate their numerous precedents, and cultivate the same exclusive despotic feeling, and exercise the same domination over their neighbors, which they groaned under and fled from. The hopes of our country are in this great Western Valley; and if they are disappointed, our country will be filled with sorrow and confusion. The importance of diffusing extensively in the great western States correct principles of the relations and duties of man toward his brother man, cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of those who are praying and laboring for establishing the Kingdom of Peace and Righteousness on earth; when the great brotherhood of the human family shall be recognised, and the law of Zion be in the minds of all men, and written indelibly on the tablet of their breasts.

Thine, for human rights,

E. D. HUDSON.

LETTER FROM D. M. GRAHAND.

NOVEMBER 2d, 1841.

To the Editor of the Standard:

On the 20th ult. I accompanied Dr. E. D. Hudson from Sherman to Coldwater, where I heard from him a powerful appeal in behalf of the slave. The attention was good and interest great, all circumstances considered. Few were in attendance, owing, doubtless, to a disappointment in the notice.

On the 22d, again I heard him address a very attentive audience in Hanover. At this place I parted with that interesting friend of the friendless and despised. His lectures have excited an interest in behalf of abolition in this country, unknown in it hitherto. It is to be hoped that he will again visit this State. I think that comparatively little labor would render Michigan a stronghold of liberty. The light of truth only is needed to render pro-slavery more than contemptible in the eyes of a liberty-loving people.

On the evening of the 25th, I lectured in Springport, to quite a large audience. There was much interest manifested here, in our cause of love. I obtained several subscribers for the Standard, and I hope the number will be shortly augmented. I found here many fast friends of down-trodden humanity. Among others, are Elder Crane, a minister who has cleared his skirts of the blood of the slave, by withdrawing from an organization that has virtually adopted the whole slave-code, bloody as it is; Dea. Dixon, J. L. Comstock, and H. Landin.—Through their heart-felt interest and persevering efforts, I trust the cause will not languish in their vicinity, but "go down" in the manner it usually does.

On the evening of the 26th, I lectured to quite a large audience, in Parma. There was some interest manifested here, notwithstanding the rum-selling landlord of the place made frequent interruptions. The friends afterwards informed me that it was his intention to break up the meeting entirely. As in olden time Herod and Pilate united to put to death Him who came to preach "deliverance to the captive," so at present the professed ministry unite with rum-sellers and mobocrats of every grade, in opposing the "opening the prison-doors to them that are bound." What will cause the ministry to leave their present position? If there be any just and available means, would that it might be soon applied. The cause of the slave would then soon brighten—our work would soon be accomplished. They can assume no position more hostile than their present one. But, with or without them, the cause will sooner or later prove gloriously triumphant.

Thine, for the oppressed,

D. M. GRAHAND.

CONSTITUTION OF RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Nov. 13, 1841.

The Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society is still in session. Little "Rhody" has exceeded herself. A more choice company of thorough-going, self-sacrificing spirits never assembled within her borders. The oldest abolitionists have never witnessed so large a collection at any annual meeting, since the formation of the Society. The Constitution proposed by the Free Suffrage party has had a severe sifting, been decidedly condemned, and is now awaiting its execution. Nothing can exceed the enthusiasm of last evening, when the subject of funds came up. The Society passed resolutions in favor of a series of conventions to be held in all parts of the State, and the employing of agents to arouse the descendants of Roger Williams, and prevent the adoption of a Constitution disgraceful to them. To carry out these resolutions, the committee called for the "sine qua non."—What followed, cannot be adequately described. "Ten dollars," says one; "fifteen," says another; and then papers and money were sent, some of which read thus: "a poor washer-woman, a silver dollar to help *blow out* the word '*white*' from the Constitution." "A colored man, *three* dollars to *frighten out* the word WHITE."—"Five dollars," says another, "to *scare out* the word 'WHITE.'" "Four dollars, to *blot out* WHITE." "A little boy, one dollar to help *scout out* the naughty word, WHITE." And thus the subscription went on, until between seven and eight hundred dollars, and four gold rings, were obtained; all for the purpose of *getting out* the obnoxious word, "white."

Such a determination as has been manifested during this meeting, cannot be successfully resisted. I have only time and room to say, that Wm. L. Garrison, N. P. Rogers, Parker Pillsbury, S. S. Foster, John A. Collins, Francis Jackson, Abby Kelley, Frederic Douglas, and many other friends of the cause from abroad, were present; and of course a moral earthquake may be expected.

GEORGE FOSTER.

TALES OF OPPRESSION.

BY ISAAC T. HOPPER.

No. XLIV.

Red Betsey.

Jacob Read, of Charleston, South Carolina, was a member of the Senate of the United States; and as Congress then sat in Philadelphia, he went there in the latter part of the year 1797, to discharge the duties of his station, and took his family with him, and several slaves to wait upon them. Among the number was a bright mulatto, who assumed the name of Betsey.—Although her situation was much more tolerable than many others, she felt the galling chains of slavery too grievous to be patiently borne; and she determined to make an effort to be free. She was aware of the difficulty attending the enterprise; but after full deliberation, she resolved to make the attempt.

She accordingly left her master, and procured a situation as a domestic in another family; but being under the necessity of going into the street for water, and on other occasions, she suffered much from fear that she might be discovered and again reduced to slavery; though she was not advertised, and it did not appear that her master took any measures to recover her.

After she had remained in this situation some months, she called upon me for advice. She was very much depressed, and said that she could take no comfort in any thing; that she could not sleep; for the dread of being apprehended was constantly pressing upon her. She solicited me to take her into my family, saying that she thought she would be safer there, than she was in the place where she then lived. I referred her to my wife, who agreed to employ her; and accordingly she came to reside with us. She was now under no necessity of going into the street, on any occasion; but still, frequent and deep sighs indicated that her sufferings were but little abated.

In the year 1799, the yellow fever prevailed in Philadelphia; and in the early part of the season my brother was attacked with it. The family where he boarded informed me, early the next morning after he was taken sick, that they were unwilling to keep him, fearing that he might communicate the disorder. There remained no alternative but to take him into my family, or send him to the hospital. After consulting with my wife, we chose the former, and I took him home. Just as I entered my door with him, she was assisting an indented colored girl, who was a member of my family, to go up stairs. She had been suddenly seized with the same complaint, and they both appeared very ill. We had several small children, one of them an infant, and several apprentices. It was proposed that the boys should go to their parents in the country, and that my wife should take the children to Peter Barker's, who resided in a part of the city that the infection had not reached, and who, with his wife, had kindly offered them a temporary asylum. She went with much reluctance, and left the sick in charge of Betsey and myself. Betsey proved an excellent, skilful nurse, having had much experience in that line, as the yellow fever frequently prevailed in her native place. My brother recovered, but the girl died; when I retired with my family to the country, and took Betsey with us.

After the fever had subsided, we returned to the city. Betsey had been a family-servant, and was an excellent cook; but having always lived amidst great affluence, she was rather too extravagant to suit my circumstances. Moreover, I thought her qualifications ought to command higher wages than was proper for me to give; and I concluded to seek for a more suitable situation for her. Accordingly, I made application to G. W. a wealthy citizen, and inquired of him if he did not want an excellent cook. He replied in the affirmative. I recommended Betsey, and he agreed to take her into his service. After she had been with him some time, he called upon me, and expressed his entire satisfaction with her, except the great reluctance she manifested to go in the street on any occasion; and especially to market. Being satisfied that he would not betray my confidence, I explained to him her situation, and told him, that if he would become responsible for five hundred dollars, I would guarantee that she should not be taken from him, to which he readily agreed. I then sent for Betsey and informed her she might go where she pleased, without any risk; for I had made such arrangements as would render her situation entirely safe. This was joyful intelligence, but it seemed difficult for her to divest herself of the dread of being again reduced to bondage, that had so long distressed her. However, after this time she freely attended to any orders she received from her employers; and from that hour to this, she has mostly done their marketing, always accompanied with a servant to carry it home. She is now seventy-five years old, and has resided forty years in this same family, who place unbounded confidence in her intelligence, integrity, and good management. If a large dinner party is to be given, the money is placed in Betsey's hands, and she is left to make such purchases, and hire such aid, as she thinks proper.

Betsey was much attached to a man and his wife, who were her fellow servants, and who left the service of their master about the same time that she did, but were not quite so fortunate in procuring a comfortable subsistance. The wife was a dress-maker; but in consequence of their situation, she was often without work, and besides, her health was so delicate that she was fr

replegiando, and in this way she must have had a trial in the Supreme Court. When the case terminated, she would have been put safely out of the way, and I would have paid her master what a court and jury decided to be her value.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 25, 1841.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

Almost all classes of readers have of late heard this long word repeated again and again, most of them with the dimmest perception of its meaning. Definitions in the jocose vein have abounded; some of them silly beyond toleration, and others mantling with genuine humor. Part of the comprehensive duty of an editor is to give occasional glimpses of new opinions, or novel customs, as they rise up to perform their destined mission in this ever-changing world; therefore, as far as I understand the subject, I purpose to give an explanation of the term, in clear simplicity, neither in fun nor favor.

All, who know anything of the different schools of metaphysics, are aware that the philosophy of John Locke was based on the proposition that *all* knowledge is received into the soul through the medium of the senses, and thence passes to be judged of and analyzed by the understanding.

The German school of metaphysics, with the celebrated Kant at its head, rejects this proposition as false; it denies that all knowledge is received through the senses; and maintains that all the highest, and therefore most universal, truths are revealed within the soul, to a faculty *transcending* the understanding. This faculty they call pure Reason; it being peculiar to them to use that word in contradistinction to the Understanding. To this pure Reason, which some of their writers call "The God within," they believe that all perceptions of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful are revealed, in its unconscious quietude; and that the province of the Understanding, with its five handmaids, the Senses, is confined merely to external things, such as facts, scientific laws, &c.

This idea of an inwardly-revealing faculty, *transcending* mere intellectual perception, will naturally remind many of the "inward voice," believed in by the Society of Friends. In fact, the two phrases are different aspects of the same idea. The Quakers saw it through a religious medium, Kant in a light purely philosophic.—Closely connected with this idea is the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures; a doctrine concerning which the most confused and unsettled notions prevail, even among those who would be most shocked at being charged with any doubts upon the subject. It is this idea which leads some to inquire, "Did Paul mean the same thing as the Transcendentalists, or the Quakers, when he made a distinction between what he wrote of *himself*, and what was *given* him to write?"

Unitarianism does not involve transcendentalism: on the contrary, it often cherishes an extreme aversion to it. But, generally speaking, minds inclined to transcendentalism are of Unitarian habits of thought. The cause is obvious enough. Both judge the recorded facts of Revelation by the light of Reason; and in no case acknowledge the authority of Revelation over Reason; believing, only when Reason and Revelation seem to them coincident.

The more popular and common forms of theology have a natural affinity with the metaphysics of Locke.—That is, certain things witnessed by the senses, and recorded as miraculous facts, are considered sufficient reasons for believing everything uttered by those who performed the miracles. Those who presume to judge of Revelation by Reason may, and generally do, believe the miracles of Christ, as recorded facts; but they could not believe in the doctrines of Christ *because* he worked miracles. There is, of course, a general affinity between the theology, the metaphysics, and the arts of an age.—When changes are coming over forms of the religious sentiment, philosophy utters its voice in prophecy.

Transcendentalists and Perfectionists touch at one point, and one only, like rounded marbles. Both believe we may "be perfect as our Father in Heaven is perfect;" though they utter the idea in very different expressions. I should consider them as Unitarian and Calvinistic forms of the same thought; hence, one naturally speaks in the language of philosophy, and the other of Scripture. In making this comparison, I allude only to the one idea from which Perfectionists take their name. The shadings of belief in other particulars are probably as various as individuals. Of course no idea stands alone and unconnected. Every thought has infinite relations, and these relations present themselves to different minds in infinite variety. Hence the extreme injustice and absurdity of endeavoring to make a man responsible for all the other opinions of those with whom he happens to agree on some one point; though it may chance to be the very point from which a sect derives its name.

There is small resemblance between Quakers and Transcendentalists; the former tending to asceticism, and loving to dwell within prescribed rules and regulations; the latter luxuriating in the beautiful, and so expansive in its tendencies, that, like steam or smoke, it can take to itself no particular form. Yet the doctrine of perpetual revelation, heard in the quietude of the soul, produces one similar result in both. Neither of them favor the activity of reforms. The Quaker wishes "Israel to remain in his tents;" his cure for evils is to "keep in the quiet." The Transcendentalist phrases it otherwise; he advises "to lie still in the spiritual sunshine, and grow." Neither are fond of the maxim that "action strikes fiery *light* from the rocks it has to hew through."

The style of writing characteristic of Transcendentalists has excited much merriment, and more wonder.—That which is really uttered has deeper significance than is usually apprehended by intelligent minds unaccustomed to similar habits of thought; but it has an oracular and mystical sound, because they rather *announce* than *argue* what seems to them truth. This comes of their doctrine of intuitive perception. It is the business of the understanding, they will say, to compare, analyze, and prove; but reason reveals.

Imitations of Transcendentalism are unquestionably the most contemptible form of affectation and sham. Parrots laying claim to Edward Irving's inspired gift of tongues, would be wisdom compared with it. Above all the tribe of superficial and artificial writers, I think this class are best desbribed by Daniel O'Connell's witty remark concerning certain public speakers: "They are men who aim at nothing, and hit it."

In this explanation, I have mainly confined myself to the central idea from which transcendentalism takes its name. Other doctrines, too numerous to be mentioned, are often classed under this perplexing title. In fact, everything new and strange, particularly if it be unintelligible, receives this appellation. The simple fact is, they are not a sect, and have no creed. No two individuals of them think alike; except on the point that the highest truths are perceived by a faculty transcending the understanding, and not dependent on the senses for its knowledge.

The tendency of men's minds to resist classification into sects is becoming more and more apparent. They begin to feel responsible each for his own opinions, and not for those of presbyteries, synods, assemblies, conferences, meetings of elders, associations, or parties.—Of this increasing feeling, transcendentalism is the most ultra form. As R. W. Emerson says, in his sententious way, "This is the era of individuality. It is All Soul's Day."—L. M. C.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

We are pleased to see that Judge Jay has made a donation of fifty dollars to repair the loss of this press, occasioned by the mob. One hundred dollars has likewise been subscribed, mostly by members of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. Many other donations, mostly in small sums, are acknowledged by the Philanthropist, as received from various societies and individuals.

We heartily rejoice at all these indications. We do not see eye to eye with Dr. Bailey, as it regards the best means of advancing the anti-slavery cause, but we do feel heart to heart with him. Few can estimate the degree of moral heroism exercised by the abolitionists of Ohio, particularly of Cincinnati; for those who are not on the spot can never realize the terribly fierce and excited state of public feeling there, or the reckless, vindictive character of many of their slaveholding neighbors. Ohio lies directly in the slave's path to Canada, and the Queen City is the great centre of trade with the South. These circumstances will inevitably produce constant excitement, not to be avoided by any degree of discretion and forbearance on the part of abolitionists.—Through many and bitter trials, Dr. Bailey has conducted his paper with an admirable mixture of firmness and moderation. He says nothing for the sake of irritating; but he cannot be silenced, and he will not be duped.—The pro-slavery papers try hard to express contempt for the brave band of Ohio abolitionists. It is all assumed; hate them they may, but despise them they cannot.

James Boyle, now travelling as voluntary agent in Ohio, thus writes to the anti-slavery committee:

"You have never occupied so sublime a position as you do now, in the estimation of the public mind. The friends say to me, such are the changes produced in favor of our cause by the last mob, that we can well afford to lose a press every year. You need not fear.—You will most certainly be sustained. May your faith be strong, and may God give you the victory."

To this prayer we most heartily respond, Amen.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 11.

After a month's absence in the woods, here I am again, in the editorial tread-mill. One of the first places of interest which I visited after my return, was the Catholic Cathedral, a fine-looking Gothic edifice of grey stone.—The interior is in a rough state, undergoing the process of enlargement, to accommodate the numerous congregation. St. Peter's is the aristocratic church; this is the church of the poor. The temporary rough boards behind the altar were adorned with no paintings or images, and the music was inferior to what I have been accustomed to hear in Catholic churches; yet was I sensible of that feeling of reverence, that bowing down of the spirit, always inspired by a venerable relic of the Past. I have heard many say that their first visit to a Catholic church filled them with laughter, the services seemed so absurd a mockery. It was never thus with me. I know not whether it is that Nature endowed me so largely with imagination and with devotional feelings, or whether it is because I slept for years with "Thomas A. Kempis's Imitation of Christ" under my pillow, and found it my greatest consolation, and best outward guide, next to the New-Testament; but so it is, that holy old monk is twined all about my heart with loving reverence, and the forms which had so deep spiritual significance to him, could never excite in me a mirthful feeling. Then the mere circumstance of antiquity is impressive to a character inclined to reverence. There stands the image of what was once a living church. A sort of Congress of Religions is she: for the Christian Idea was a resurrection from deceased Heathenism and Judaism, and rose encumbered with the grave-clothes and jewels of the dead. The Greek and Roman, when they became Christian, still clung fondly to the reminiscencies of their early faith; the undying flame on Apollo's shrine reappeared in ever-lighted candles on the Christian altar; and the same idea that demanded vestal virgins for the heathen temple, set nuns apart for the Christian sanctuary. Tiara and embroidered garments were sacred to the imagination of the converted Jew; and conservatism, which in man's dual nature ever keeps innovation in check, led him to adopt them in his new worship. Thus did the spirituality of Christ come to us loaded with forms not naturally and spontaneously flowing therefrom. The very cathedrals, with their clustering columns and intertwining arches, were architectural models of the groves and "high-places," sacred to the mind of the Pagans, who from infancy had therein worshipped their "strange gods." The days of the Christian week took the names of heathen deities, and statues of Venus were adored as Virgin Mothers. The bronze image of St. Peter, at Rome, whose toe has been kissed away by devotees, was once a statue of Jupiter. An English traveller took off his hat to it as Jupiter, and asked him if he ever recovered his power, to reward the only individual that ever bowed to him in his adversity.

Let us not smile at this odd commingling of religious faiths and forms. It is most natural; and must ever be, when a new idea evolves itself from the old. The Reformers, to evade this tendency, destroyed the churches, the paintings, and the statues, which habit had so long endeared to the hearts and imaginations of men; yet while they flung away, with ruthless hand, all the poetry of the old establishment, they were themselves so much the creatures of education, that they brought into the new order of things many cumbrous forms of theology, the mere results of tradition; and the unpretending fisherman, and tent-maker, still remained *Saint* Peter and *Saint* Paul.

I think it is Mosheim, who says, "After Christianity became incorporated with the government, it is difficult to determine whether Heathenism was most Christianized, or Christianity most heathenized."

Protestants make no *images* of Moses; but many divide the homage of Christ with him, and *spiritually* kiss his toe. Thus will the glory of a coming church walk in the shadow of our times, casting a radiance over that which it cannot quite dispel.

The Catholic church is a bad foundation for liberty, civil or religious. I deprecate its obvious and undeniable tendency to enslave the human mind. Yet am I scrupulous for perfect freedom to this form of opinion, as for all others. Modes of faith last just as long as they are needed in the order of Providence, and not a day longer. Let the theologian fume and fret as he may, truth cannot be *forced* above its level, any more than its great prototype, water. Of what avail are sectarian efforts, and controversial words? Live thou a holy life—let thy utterance be that of a free, meek spirit! Thus, and not by ecclesiastical machinery, wilt thou help to prepare the world for a wiser faith and a purer worship.

I marvel not that the imaginations of men are chained and led captive by this vision of the Past; for it is encircled all around with poetry, as with a halo; and within its fantastic pageantry there is much that makes it *sacred* poetry.

What can be more beautifully significant of a great and glorious idea than the custom observed at Easter? On that day, all distinction of ranks is laid aside. A beggar may kiss the king, unreproved; saying as he salutes the monarch, "Christ has risen!" The answer, returned with a kiss, is "He has risen indeed!" What though the ignorant multitude perform this as a tradi-tionary rite, and know not that because Christ has risen, the human race are indeed all brethren? To the reflecting mind the form is still beautiful with the spiritual light that shines through it.

Another reason why I cannot laugh at the ceremonial of the Catholic church, is the sincere devotion of its ignorant devotees. A wise mind never despises aught that flows from a feeling heart. Nothing would tempt me to disturb, even by the rustle of my garments, the Irish servant girl, kneeling in the crowded aisle. Blessed be any power, which, even for a moment, brings the human soul at the foot of the cross, conscious of its weakness and its ignorance, its errors and its sins! We may call it superstition if we will, but the zealous faith of the Catholic is everywhere conspicuous above that of the Protestant. A friend from Canada lately told me an incident which deeply impressed this fact upon his mind. When they cut new roads through the woods, the priests are in the habit of inspecting all the places where villages are to be laid out. They choose the finest site for a church, and build thereon a high, strong cross, with railings around it, about three feet distant from each other. The inner enclosure is usually more elevated than the outer; a mound being raised about the foot of the Cross. Inserted in the main timber is a small image of the crucified Saviour, defended from the atmosphere by glass. In Catholic countries, this is called a *Calvare*. In the village called *Petit Brule* (because nearly all the dwellings of the first settlers had been consumed by fire) was one of these tall Calvares, rendered conspicuous by its whiteness among the dense foliage of the forest. My friend had been riding for a long time in silence and solitude, and twilight was fast deepening into evening, when his horse suddenly reared, and showed signs of fear. Thinking it most prudent to understand the nature of the danger that awaited him, he stopped the horse and looked cautiously around him. The tall, white Cross stood near, in distinct relief against the dark back-ground of the forest, and at the foot were two Irishmen kneeling at their evening prayers. They were poor, laboring men, employed in making the road. There was no human habitation for miles. From their own rude shantees, they must have walked at least two or three miles, after their severe daily toil, thus to bow down and worship the Infinite, in a place they deemed holy!

Let those who can, ridicule the superstition that prompted such an act. Hereafter, may angels teach them what remained unrevealed to them on earth, that Christ is truly worshipped, "neither on this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem."

I like the Irish. Blessings on their warm hearts, and their leaping fancies! Clarkson records that while opposition met him in almost every form, not a single Irish member of the British Parliament ever voted against the abolition of the slave trade; and how is the heart of that generous island now throbbing with sympathy for the American slave!

Creatures of impulse and imagination, their very speech is poetry. "What are you going to kill?" said I to one of the most stupid of Irish serving-maids, who seemed in great haste to crush some object in the corner of the room, "a black *boog*, ma'am," she replied. "Oh, that is a cricket. It does no harm, but makes a friendly chirping on the hearth stone." "Och, and is it a cricket it is? And when the night is abroad will it be *spaking?* Sure, I'll not be after killing it, at all."

The most faithful and warm-hearted of Irish laborers, (and the good among them are the best on earth) urged me last spring not to fail, by any means, to rise before the sun on Easter morning. "The Easter sun always dances when it rises," said he. Assuredly he saw no mockery in my countenance, but perhaps he saw incredulity; for he added, with a pleading earnestness, "And why should it *not* dance, by reason of rejoicement?" In his believing ignorance, he had small cause to envy me the superiority of my reason; at least I felt so for the moment. Beautiful is the superstition that makes all nature hail the holy; that sees the cattle all kneel at the hour Christ was born, and the sun dance, "by reason of rejoicement," on the morning of his resurrection; that believes the dark Cross actually found on the back of every Ass was first placed there when Jesus rode into Jerusalem with Palm-branches strewed before him.

Not in vain is Ireland pouring itself all over the earth. Divine Providence has a mission for her children to fulfil; though a mission unrecognized by political economists. There is ever a moral balance preserved in the universe, like the vibrations of the pendulum. The Irish, with their glowing hearts and reverent credulity, are needed in this cold age of intellect and scepticism.

Africa furnishes another class, in whom the heart ever takes guidance of the head; and all over the world the way is being prepared for them among the nations. Hayti and the British West Indies; Algiers, settled by the French; British colonies, spreading over the west and south of Africa; and emancipation urged throughout the civilized world.

Women, too, on whose intellect ever rests the warm light of the affections, are obviously coming into a wider and wider field of action.

All these things prophesy of physical force yielding to moral sentiment; and they all are agents to fulfil what they prophesy. God speed the hour.—L. M. C.

EXPLANATION.

L. M. Child is not the author of the text which the last Madison County Abolitionist ascribes to her, and which has given occasion for the animadversions of that paper. It was written by the undersigned, in the absence of the editor, and was intended, simply, as an expression of his belief, that the large majority of abolitionists still adhered to *moral power*, in contrast with *Political Party*, as the agent for effecting the overthrow of slavery. I think the point of the paragraph is obvious enough without explanation or defense.

JAMES S. GIBBONS.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC, FOR 1842.

For the information of all who wish to know, we would state that this almanac is made an agent of the "Liberty Party." It mounts the Cedar of Lebanon, and summons loudly to the polls, for their candidates. It contains valuable statistics. The articles from L. M. Child, were not written for it; but copied from the Standard, as they had undoubted right to do; though it would have been better to have acknowledged the source.

Anti-Slavery Items.

The Mendians.—These interesting strangers have lately been through Massachusetts, and meetings have been held for them in Boston, Lowell, Haverhill, Nashua, Andover, Springfield, Northampton, Hartford &c. The deepest interest was excited at these meetings, the audiences were crowded, and contributions liberal. The sum is stated to be as yet insufficient to pay their outfit and passage to Sierra Leone and their own homes. Lord Aberdeen, Foreign Secretary for Great Britain, being waited upon by a deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, assured them that if a passage was not provided for the Mendians from New-York to Sierra Leone by his government, they should assuredly be under British protection as soon as they arrived there. Mr. Wm. Raymond and his wife will accompany them as religious teachers. The president of the Boston and Portland railroad gave a large number of these strangers seats in the cars, free of expense as far as Wilmington.

The Drama.—Among other indications of the anti-slavery sentiment of the world, we observe that a piece called The Quadroon Slave, is about to be brought forward at Haymarket Theatre, Dublin.

Florida.—The editor of the Philanthropist says a gentleman who was violently opposed to anti-slavery, lately subscribed for his paper, in consequence of reading Giddings's most excellent speech on the causes of the Florida war. The Philanthopist thus pithily announces the promised close of this murderous and long-protracted campaign: "The National Negro Hunt, it is said, is nearly up."

James G. Birney.—The postoffice address of this gentleman is now Saginaw, Michigan.

Arnold Buffum.—It is proposed that this early, unwearied, and excellent friend of the slave, should remove to Indiana, and publish a paper in the capital of that State, open to discussion on all subjects of political interest, but especially devoted to anti-slavery.

Anti-Slavery Wafers.—The American Anti-Slavery Society have published a sheet of wafers, containing many excellent mottoes, prepared with gum on the back, all ready for use in sealing letters. This is a new and excellent way of promulgating anti-slavery sentiments. Price 6 cents single sheet, 25 sheets for a dollar.

Colonization.—The pro-slavery of Ohio, which has so lately manifested its love for colored citizens by the most brutal mob on record, is now exceedingly affectionate and palavering in its tone. It has such benevolent feelings toward the colored race, and is so concerned to think that they have no hope of good treatment among the Christians of America, that they are doing their best to coax them off to Liberia. More than the usual cajolery is made use of, yet we think it will be attended with very limited success. They complain of a very unpatriotic apathy, and evidently do not possess the confidence of the colored people.

At a large and respectable meeting of the colored people, held at the Seventh Presbyterian Church, in Cincinnati, on the 1st of November, 1841, the following preamble and resolution was unanimously received and acted upon:

"Whereas, a report was extensively circulated since the late riots in this city, that a number of the respectable part of our people desired or intended to emigrate to "Liberia," a colony in Africa, founded by the American Colonization Society; and we believe that said report, if left uncontradicted by us, may prove detrimental to the interests of our people; be it therefore

Resolved, That we deem it our indispensable duty to disabuse the minds of our white fellow-citizens in regard to said report, by assuring them that we have no such intention or desire; nor do we know of a single individual among our people, in the city of Cincinnati, or county of Hamilton, who has the remotest idea of ever emigrating to Africa.

GEORGE CARY, *Chairman.*

Charles Satchell, W. W. Watson, William O'Harra, John Liverpool, Stephen Burgess, } *Assistants.*

A. M. Sumner, *Secretary.*

Great Rejoicing among the Abolitionists.—A very curious event occurred at Townsend, Middlesex county, Massachusetts—one perhaps unparalleled in this country, and which has caused much rejoicing in the colored circles, and not a little amazement among the politicians. The three political parties—Whigs, Loco-Focos, and Abolitionists—were equally divided in that town, and neither party could elect a Representative to the Legislature without the aid of another party. The Whigs and Loco-Focos by turns courted the favor of the Abolitionists, and proposed to unite with them upon a man who should represent either Whig and Abolition principles, or Abolitionism and Loco-Focoism. The Abolitionists refused to have any other than their own man. The others, getting vexed at their obstinacy, had an understanding between themselves, and resolved to give their Abolition friends a real Abolition Representative. Accordingly they nominated a very dark, but respectable old colored man, and as both Whigs and Loco-Focos voted for him, he was elected over the "regularly nominated" Abolition candidate by ten to one. The respectable old colored Representative agreed to take his seat as a member, if elected—there being no disqualification on account of color. But it seems that an informality in keeping the polls open beyond the legal time has rendered his election null. Another meeting is to be called immediately, and if the Abolitionists still hold out, the old colored gentleman will be elected, sure as fate.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Census of Maryland.—Throughout the State there was in 1790 one free colored person to 60 1-4 white persons; at present, there is one free colored person to 8 3-5 white persons. In several counties, the proportion of the free blacks has been increased in half a century from 1 to 20, 30 and 40, to one to every *two*, *three* and *four*.—This calculation is entirely distinct from the slave population.

Can't take care of Themselves.—The colored people of Philadelphia have sixteen churches, twenty-one schools, eighty beneficial societies, six literary and debating societies, three moral reform societies, two lyceums and two weekly newspapers.—*Colored American.*

Management of the President's House.—We learn that the affairs of the White House at Washington are all conducted by a *colored man*, by the name of Wilkins, whom the President hires at a salary, with perquisites, of $1700 per annum, and who disburses all the expenses of the palace. He has his office, where he keeps his accounts, employs and discharges whomsoever he pleases. His son, much of a gentleman, it is said, is employed at $1000 a year and introduces all strangers to the President. His daughter is also employed at $300 a year.—President Tyler has in all 18 colored persons hired—he has but two of his slaves with him, as servants. This is the first time that any of our Presidents have made a colored man the chief butler of his household. His "illustrious predecessors" have had white men. Surely we are getting up slowly.—*Colored American.*

A Sailor's Heart.—A sailor, seeing some domestic slave traders driving colored men, women and children on board a ship for New-Orleans market, shook his head, and said to one of his shipmates. "I say, Jack, if the Devil don't catch them fellers, *we might as well not have any Devil.*"

To keep up Appearances.—The killing of a slave by cruel or inhuman treatment is murder in the first degree, and punished with penitentiary for life; but who has ever heard of the *infliction* of the penalty? Yet we have the best of assurance that murders of this kind are committed every year. PARKER PILLSBURY.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign News.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Fire in the Tower.—On the night of the 30th of Oct. the Tower of London took fire in that part called the Round Tower. The building, with nearly all its contents, was totally destroyed; upwards of 250,000 stand of arms, besides an innumerable quantity of trophies, relics, &c. Near midnight, the flames communicated to the roof of the Armory, and shot up with such frightful rapidity, that all attempts to save the building were soon given up, and the entire attention turned to saving as many of the arms and valuables as possible. At ten o'clock, the Clock Tower fell in with a most tremendous crash. The White Tower opposite, and the church of St. Peters, were saved with very great difficulty. The wind, having shifted after midnight, directed the flames toward the Jewel Tower, the destruction of which seemed inevitable. By orders of the Governor, it was broken open with crowbars, and the regalia and crown jewels carried to his residence. Crowns and sceptres, glittering with diamonds and costly gems, might be seen glancing about in the light of the flames, int he midst of soldiers, police-men, and firemen. They were conveyed without loss or injury; and the Jewel Tower was itself saved. About five o'clock in the morning, the fire abated, and was finally extinguished. The value of property destroyed is estimated at one million pounds sterling. It is supposed to have been occasioned by the overheating of some flues adjoining the Armory office.

Fraud on the Exchequer.—An alarming fraud has been discovered, which is supposed to have continued several years, and to amount to £250,000. Beaumont Smith, nephew of Sir Sidney Smith, senior clerk in the office, was arrested, and made a full confession that he had, for three or four years past, been gambling in the stocks, and, meeting with constant losses, he had forged Exchequer Bills, and deposited them with parties at the Stock Exchange, as security on loans. Considerable anxiety was felt to know what would be done in the case of innocent holders of spurious bills. Government have issued two notices: first, that all the bills bearing date in June and March, are believed to be genuine; and next, that holders may bring in their bills for examination, accompanied with lists of their date and amount, and, if found to be genuine, they will be stamped as such and returned. The forged bills are detained when presented; and it is supposed that the government will ultimately adopt all the bills, as having been issued from the Exchequer, and bearing the usual Exchequer stamp, which is acknowledged as genuine, although the signature of Lord Monteagle is forged. It has long been the practice for the Comptroller-General of the Exchequer, to allow their assistants to sign the bills in their names; hence the ease and facility with which Mr. Smith carried on this enormous fraud for so long a time.

England and America.—The English press in general expresses great satisfaction at the acquittal of M'Leod, and the peaceful indication of things. The London Times, however, which from the beginning has done its worst to promote a war, still retains its swaggering position, and appears about as dignified as a vicious boy trying to set two dogs a fighting. This journal still entertains a lingering hope that difficulty may yet be made concerning the right to try M'Leod. It says: "We care not a straw about his acquittal; it is enough, that in proud defiance of their own nominal government, they have actually brought him to trial. Is it to be endured that our glorious empire shall quail to my masters of New-York?"

It is stated, on good authority, that if any serious difference should arise between Great Britain and the United States of America, relative to the trial of M'Leod, the northeast boundary, or any other question pending between both countries, our government has agreed to accept the mediation of France, which mediation has been offered as a guaranty of peace and good will between the French and English cabinets.

The King of the French is very earnest in his endeavors to prevent war between the two countries. He has had two or three conversations with the American Minister on the subject, and no doubt is entertained of his sincerity; for he feels that it would be difficult to keep down the Republican party, if a war were to break out.

It appears that Lord Aberdeen takes his stand that no court in this country had any right to try M'Leod, any one else, under the circumstances; and that this point, together with the whole question, is to be submitted to Louis Phillippe, for arbitration.

Right of Search.—The London papers publish a long correspondence between Mr. Stevenson and Lord Palmerston, concerning the alledged violations of the American flag on the coast of Africa, under the pretence of suppressing the slave trade. Lord Palmerston promised that a rigid inquiry should be instituted, and the result communicated to our minister. The Richmond Enquirer intimates that this question may lead to a war with England.

Cuba.—The new ministry of England have announced their determination to enforce the fulfilment of their treaty with Spain, concerning the suppression of the slave trade at Havana. This will of course excite prodigious dissatisfaction in the island. What action they will take upon it, is very uncertain.

O'Connell.—The agitator is chosen Lord Mayor of Dublin. He declares that, apart from his office, he will still be a repealer; but that in his character of chief magistrate, he shall be of no politics whatsoever.

Irish Distress.—This year, the peasantry will be exposed to the terrible calamity of a failure of the potato crop. It is also known that the wheat and oat crops are one-third below the average, and the price of meat is rising, on account of a distemper among the cattle.

Chinese War.—General dissatisfaction is felt in England with Commissioner Elliot, for allowing Canton to be ransomed. The indecision of his movements are attributed to a humane temperament, anxious to avoid the spilling of blood. Sir Henry Pottinger, who succeeded him in the command, is reputed to be a second Lord Nelson; furious enough to send the "Brother of the Sun and Moon" to ride on the tail of a comet, beyond the bounds of space. The following is given as an outline of the instructions he received:

"His Excellency is to demand fifteen millions of dollars, as an indemnification for the opium seized by Lin, the expense of the war, and the Hong debts. Immediate payment of a portion of the above sum, equal to the estimated value of the opium, is to be required, the remainder to be paid by instalments within five years, and to bear interest in the mean time, at the rate of 5 per ct. per annum. Sir Henry has farther been directed not to negotiate with any mandarin who does not hold plenary power from his sovereign. He is also to insist on a British envoy being allowed to reside at Pekin, and hold direct communication with the Emperor. All the principal ports to be thrown open to foreign trade, and at each of them ground, sufficient in extent for the erection of factories, to be ceded to the English. Hong-Kong is to be retained by the British, as a permanent settlement."

It is stated that the greater part of the $6,000,000 paid by the Chinese for the redemption of Canton, turns out to be bad silver.

FRANCE.

Quenisset.—This man, who attempted to shoot the sons of Louis Phillippe, has made confessions which show a somewhat extensive plan for insurrection. The English papers accuse the king of being in league with Christina, the exiled Queen, to produce the recent troubles in Spain; but the French papers deny this. The press is well guarded in France. Two copies of every journal must be sent to the royal attorney for inspection, as soon as printed.

The displeasure of France at being placed, as respects commercial matters, upon an equality with all other nations by the United States, is far from having subsided.

SPAIN.

There has been an attempt at revolution. O'Donnell, Captain-General in Navarre, and the Basque Provinces, the descendant of an Irish soldier of fortune, first raised the standard of revolt in favor of the banished Queen, Christina. She is said to be the richest individual in Europe, with the single exception of Louis Phillippe. She is loudly accused of having used her wealth to promote the insurrection; but she utterly denies having any connection with it. The attempt was defeated, and about 4000 of the insurgents, among whom is O'Donnell, have taken refuge in France.—Christina and Louis Phillippe have been upon the best of terms ever since she sought his dominions as an asylum.

A French Army of Observation had been formed on the Spanish frontier.

MEXICO.

Santa Anna is again at the head of the government, which is completely organized. Bustamente, being completely overthrown, it is said, will soon proceed to Cuba, and thence to Europe. Santa Anna will probably have some more big *talk* about invading Texas.

TEXAS.

A deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society were lately assured by Lord Aberdeen that Great Britain had not acknowledged the independence of Texas, and that it would not be hastily done; and, said he, though a Consul was appointed by the late government, that appointment was irregular.

The Sante Fe expedition had arrived at its place of destination, after a severe journey, and encountering hordes of hostile Indians, whom they had to fight through.

Advices from Galveston to the 31st ult. state that the Texian navy, consisting of the sloop of war Austin, and the brigs Archer, Wharton and Zavala, were fitting out for an expedition against Mexico, to be carried on in concert with the governmeut of Yucatan.

The loan of $24,000 in specie from the Yucatecos, had arrived at Galveston, and the greatest activity prevailed at the navy yard.

Houston was extremely popular with the majority that elected him, but there was a minority very especially fierce against him.

A civil war is raging between two parties called the Regulators and the Moderators. The Regulators originally combined to rid the community of a large gang of inveterate gamblers, and rowdies. The Moderators are those who oppose them, including the said band of desperadoes. They indulge in mutual acts of outrage upon life and property; and their bands continually augment in numbers. Whenever they meet, a battle ensues, and the conquerors march off their prisoners in triumph.

General Items.

New State.—A new State is proposed to be formed out of the northern portion of Tennessee, and of Kentucky, west of Kentucky river.

Death of a Missionary.—Rev. Colby Mitchell, who left Boston last January for the Nestorian Mission in Persia, died while passing the desert, in a village of the Koords. He was buried in a village of Jacobite Christians near by, called Tabel. Five days afterwards the company reached Mosul. The information was brought to Aleppo by a man who accompanied Messrs. Mitchell and Hinsdale from Beyroot. On his return, he was himself sick, and in the mean time robbed of all the letters which the missionaries had entrusted to him to convey to Beyroot, and which would have given the particulars respecting the journey and the decease of Mr. Mitchell. The man states that Mrs. Mitchell also was sick, and carried on a litter three days to Mosul, but when he left, three days after their arrival, it was thought she would recover.

A Slaver.—Lieut. Littlehales, commanding the British Brigantine Dolphin, on the coast of Africa, off Whydash, captured the Brazillian slave vessel Firme, of 179 tons, by boarding her from a cutter and gig, with the loss of two men killed. The Firme was direct from Bahia, and had just made the land. She was a new vessel, built at Baltimore, and had regular papers proving her to be Brazilian property.

America de Vespucci.—This Italian Countess, who made such talk among us, by asking of Congress, a grant of land, in honor of her descent from Americus, has arrived in the Caledonia, on another visit to this country.

George Bradburn.—We regret much to learn that this able and upright friend of freedom is not elected to the Massachusetts Legislature this year.

Murder on the Highway.—William S. Moseley, Esq. the Prosecuting Attorney for the Helena (Arkansas) District, was assassinated on the highway in St. Francis county, Arkansas, on the 23d ult. He was at the time on the road to church, alone. The assassin or assassins had erected a blind, from behind which they shot him, several buckshot passing through his head and shoulders.

One hundred and Ninety-eight Lives Saved.—A French whale ship in the Pacific, lately discovered from the mast head, a ship on fire, about eighty miles distant. She immediately made sail and saved from the flames 198 persons, of whom 40 were females. It was the ship Greenock, for New-Holland. Eighteen had thrown themselves into the sea. The fire was caused by a barrel of brandy taking fire.

Improvement in Shingling.—It is well known that shingles decay around the nail, owing to the penetration of water by the nail hole. A Mr. Bowman, of Brownsville, Pa., has successfully applied a cheap and easy remedy for this defect. It is simply to dip the point of each nail, as it is driven, into white lead ground in oil, just as taken from the keg—the lead adhering to the point is forced up as the nail passes in, completely filling up the hole—and as the head of the nail is imbedded in the paint, the penetration of the water, and consequent corrosion of the nail head, is effectually prevented.

It is stated that the progress of the workmen is very little retarded by the operation, and that a keg of 25 lbs. will answer for about 10,000 shingles. The same process will do for sideing or weather boarding, and indeed every instance where the nail is exposed to the weather. In ship-building, it seems to us, the application of this simple plan will be particularly useful.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

Randolph's Will.—The long contested will of John Randolph, involving the liberty of his slaves, has again been brought up for trial in Virginia. Gen. Walter Jones, and several other distinguished civilians are employed in it.

Distress.—The dreadful effects of the late gale on the shores of Cape Cod, are in general well known. The loss of property in the town of Truro is without a parallel in its former history; and the loss of life is truly appalling. 47 townsmen have been swallowed up in the mighty deep, or cast lifeless upon the shores; leaving, almost in a single neighborhood, 21 widows, and 39 fatherless children—many of which are left in want of the most common necessaries of life: food, clothing, and fuel.

Prince de Joinville, after a very interesting tour through the West, is on his way to New England. His first inquiry at Cincinnati was for Morgan Neville, Esq. who was many years since acquainted with his father, Louis Phillippe, and of whose death he was ignorant. The Bostonians are to give him a splendid Ball at Faneuil Hall; but we apprehend that dancing is an accomplishment in which Yankees will be little likely to astonish a Frenchman. Capt. Josiah Sturgis, of the Revenue service, Boston, had proposed to be present at this Ball, but on reading of the distress at Truro, the generous-hearted sailor at once resolved to appropriate to their relief the money with which he would have purchased his ticket. It was wisely and nobly done.

THE ONE DOLLAR PLAN.

The following was passed unanimously at the late anniversary:

Resolved, That every friend of the American Anti-Slavery Society be earnestly recommended to pay into the Treasury of the Society, during the present year, a sum not less than ONE DOLLAR; that every auxiliary Society be advised to urge this recommendation upon the friends of the cause in its vicinity; and that the Executive Committee be requested to publish weekly in the Standard an account of the moneys that may be received into the treasury under this proposition.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account. We trust our friends were in earnest, when they voted for this resolution, and that they will not forget the obligation it imposes upon them. Those who give larger sums will still do well to add this small donation to the list. It is very important that the Society should have some *certain* data to go upon, as a basis for pecuniary arrangements.

PAYMENT RECEIVED.

Amount previously acknowledged			$853 00
854	Edward D. Linton, N. Rochester, Mass.		1 00
855	John Bishop, South Wrentham,	"	1 00
856	James M. Cobb,	"	1 00
857	George G. Clark, Providence,	R. I.	1 00
858	Joseph Jewett,	" "	1 00
859	John L. Clark,	" "	1 00
860	Mary R. Clark,	" "	1 00
861	Charles Perry, Westerly,	"	1 00
862	Elizabeth Perry,	" "	1 00
863	Stephen Smith,	" "	1 00
864	George J. Adams, Fiskville,	"	1 00
865	Abel Tanner, Warwick,	"	1 00
866	John Adams, Pawtucket,	"	1 00
867	Robert Adams,	"	1 00
868	George S. Gould, Cranston,	"	1 00
869	Edmund Thurber, Providence,	"	1 00
870	Jane C. Thurber,	" "	1 00
871	J. A. Barker,	" "	1 00
872	Thomas Brown, jr.	" "	1 00
873	A. R. Janes,	" "	1 00
874	Sophia Janes,	" "	1 00
875	Phebe Jackson,	" "	1 00
876	M. Robinson,	" "	1 00
877	Henry A. Howland,	" "	1 00
878	Samuel H

Poetry.

From the Northern Light.

HOME.

BY ABRAHAM MESSLER.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
How slow the lingering moments roll!
Nature with every charm is rife,
And Autumn casts her solemn stole
O'er glen and mountain, wood and plain.
But home has charms of stronger spell,
And voices which I feel more dear
Than all those sounds and charms which tell
The closing of the "rolling year;"
To these my heart returns again."

Away from home, my love, my wife!
I hear no more our prattlers' mirth,
Buoyant with health, and joy, and life;
Nor mark at eve, around the hearth,
Those smiles and voices which we love.
At noon I pause to hear them rush
Tumultuous from the distant school,
With sparkling eye and rosy blush;
And when returns the evening cool,
Their prayer to Him who rules above!

Away from home, my love, my wife!
The morning dawns in splendor bright,
And busy Nature wakes to life;
But all to me—no sounds delight
My sadden'd heart—no happy home
Invites me to repose in peace.
I linger on the distant hill
And muse—and ask, why do not cease
These yearnings strong? but deeper still
They come, where'er I rest or roam.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
In dreams the midnight watch is spent;
I saw thee bright and full of life,
Like some good angel kindly sent,
To calm Affection's troubled strife,
Standing beside my couch—and felt
Thy gentle hand upon my heart,
Thy breath upon my glowing cheek;
I thought we were not far apart,
I almost thought I heard thee speak,
While kneeling where so oft we've knelt.

Away from home, my love, my wife!
I meet no greetings like to thine—
No hand so warm, instinct with life;
No smile that answers back to mine.
The world is all too cold for me;
Friendship is a deceitful sound—
I would not leave my home nor thee,
For all those pleasures which abound
In mirth, in song, in revelry;
They'd keep my heart, O God, from thee.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

The American Lycurgus in learning, and liberty, and law.

'Tis not alone in lofty halls,
Where learning sits enshrined,
His eloquence sublimely falls,
And marks his mighty mind;
But in the temple of the free
His thunder tones have rung—
His father's love of liberty
Falls from his tuneful tongue.

Sublime in sentiment and soul,
To him all wreaths belong;
His polished periods richly roll
Along the chords of song:
He wakes to war the mournful wire
On Ireland's lovely plains;
He wakes to liberty his lyre,
And weeps o'er Erin's chains.

Whether in council or at court,
Or at the harp or hall—
Whether in seriousness or sport,
His graceful accents fall—
He is in grandeur still the same—
Time hath no merit hurl'd—
His trophies, treasured up by fame,
Are wonders of the world.

Time can no triumph o'er him own,
Though snows his brow may bind;
Reason still sits upon her throne,
The monarch of his mind;
The glory of his by-gone hours
Through ages yet shall last:
Fame gathers up his present flowers,
To bloom with all the past.

Ah! had he lived in that proud day,
Ere Greece became the grave
Of glorious men, long pass'd away,
The brilliant and the brave,
The marble cenotaph sublime,
The column and the crown,
Would still transmit, to future time,
His record of renown.

Yet while thy love of liberty,
Of learning and of song,
Shall warm the proud hearts of the free,
Or shall to fame belong,
The mem'ry of his magic mind
Shall wander o'er the wave,
And win from millions of mankind
A garland for his grave.

MILFORD BARD.

WRONG NOT THE LABORING POOR.

BY BRENDER BLISS, OF INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

Wrong not the laboring poor by whom ye live!
Wrong not your humble fellow-worms, ye proud!
For God will not the poor man's wrongs forgive,
But hear his plea, and have his plea allowed.

O, be not like the vapors, splendor-rolled,
That, sprung from earth's green breast, usurp the sky,
Then spread around contagion black and cold,
Till all who mourn the dead prepare to die!

No! imitate the bounteous clouds, that rise,
Freighted with bliss, from river, vale, and plain;
The thankful clouds, that beautify the skies,
Then fill the lap of earth with fruit and grain.

Yes! emulate the mountain and the flood,
That trade in blessings with the mighty deep!
Till soothed to peace, and satisfied with good,
Man's heart be happy as a child asleep.

THE GREAT AND GOOD.

"How seldom, friend, a great, good man inherits
Honor, or wealth, with all his worth and pains;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."
"For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain.
What would'st thou that the great, good man obtain?
Place, title, salary—a gilded chain?
Or throne on corpses which his sword has slain?
Goodness and greatness are not *means*, but *ends*.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The great, good man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath;
And three true friends, more sure than day and night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death."

Coleridge.

Miscellany.

JONATHAN JEFFERSON WHITLAW:

OR

LIFE IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The first touch of the nearest Choctaw's finger upon his rifle, had sent Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw back into the forest with a rapidity that might almost rival that of the ball which he more than half expected to hear whistling after him.

As he drew near Natchez, on his return from his unprofitable expedition, he descried Hogstown and Smith, who had already met and joined their lamentations on the escape of Lucy. He hailed them, and communicated the disagreeable intelligence that he had seen the runaway, but in a situation that precluded the possibility of taking her; and a chorus of maledictions was uttered by the trio, upon the infamous license granted to the savages, which permitted them to carry arms.

It was now clear, that the young preacher of whom they were so anxious to make prey would receive such timely warning from his sister, as would naturally prevent his assembling his black congregation on the following Sunday.

"You may say that," said Smith to Whitlaw, in answer to this observation: "he'll be too cunning to show his nose out on that night, at any rate."

"I dubiate a bit about that," observed Hogstown; "I don't say that it isn't likely neither; but I haven't forgotten my talk with the chap in the market-place here. He's as quiet as you will, and could stand still a spell, and hear, but say nothing; but he'd that in his eye that says "*try me;*" and if that slip of a lad has made up his mind to pray on the Sabbath night with the niggers, on the Sabbath night with the niggers he'll pray"

"What, when he knows that we shall be down upon him with Lynch-law, and State-law, and all the laws in the land?" responded Smith, incredulously.

"Why, you jest see," said Hogstown, "what a near heat it will be 'twixt his wit and our wit. We think he wont be there, 'cause he'll expect we'll nab him; and he'll think, maybe, that we wont be there, 'cause we know that he'll expect us. So 'tis jest the turn of a hair which way 's most likeliest to be right."

"That 's what 'tis to be Yankee," retorted Smith, laughing. "We southerners should take a long spell to think, before we came over it so fine as that. However, Hogstown, 'twouldn't do, my man, to rouse up Lynch-law for nothing. Your guess may be right, or your guess may be wrong; and if we was to rouse our Natchez-under-hill men to do their duty upon the canter, and lead them out at dead of night into the forest, when they'd rather be amusing themselves elsewhere, and then let 'em find nothing but you and I and the trees, 'twould never answer. They'd get no reward from none of the planters, that always behave handsome when work 's been done; and, maybe, we should find it d——n difficult to bring 'em together again; and if they're cold on the job, we're stumpt outright."

"Mr. Smith, sir, you're a gentleman as deserves to be listened to, if you spoke from July to eternity. What you say is worth a dollar a word, and cheap too. But I expect, sir, we might take a middle course—neither altogether neglecting our duty, and giving the varment a chance of herding together, the black beetles, without being cotched, and yet not weakening our effective for nothing, as the general would say, by bringing 'em out, when we are not that sure there'll be any work to do. I guess, gentlemen, that we ought so to conduct, as to avoid both the one damage and the t'other."

"You're first rate, Hogstown, by G—d! And how is it to be done, eh?"

"Why it's not that difficult neither, I should say, Mr. Smith, begging your pardon if I differ. My judgment would be for one, two, three, or more of us as have got the business at heart, and would be ready to watch for a spell without hope of fee or reward, but for the alone love of the cause;—I say, some few such as that ought by rights to rest themselves, with a cigar in their mouth for comfort, jest at that spot, Mr. Smith, that you heard the black fellow map out to his miss. 'Tis easy enough hiding in such a place, and such an hour; and so we might see and hear all, and bear witness of something, if something there is; and if not, why we can but go back as we came, and no harm done."

"He's right, Smith," said Whitlaw; "that's the way to fix 'em. And there's another reason still, I can tell ye, why it wouldn't do to come down upon 'em at the meeting with the Lynchers; and I'll tell you what it is in no time. Them Steinmarks *wont* be there, as we ought to make an example of,—and the niggers *will*, whose lives must be looked after, for lucre if not for love. So let us mark down our preacher, and then follow him, the day after, maybe, to the German's, where I expect they're all likely enough to be found flocking together like birds of a feather as they are; and then would be the time to let fly at 'em. My old Colonel intends to higgle a little, I guess, with the Dutch fellow about his estate; and a capital bit it is, and we'll get a bargain after all, depend upon it. But 'tis plain to me that if we don't look sharp, Mr. Smith, we shall lose our example, for they're all taking flight, you see, and will be off together in no time.—I haven't been able to see my Colonel for a minute at a time, these two days; but I shall charge him to have nothing to do with the house, and then our folks may have license to burn, rob, slay, or what they will; and my father will take care that we shall know when they're to start."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Smith, "it is clear that we can't be in better hands. Private and public feelings seem to unite to excite your zeal; and I can only say, that as I own three hundred and ten niggers myself, I expect you have no reason to doubt of my willingness to help. Perhaps, Mr. Whitlaw, it might be as well to have a few handbills prepared, to stick about at Natchez-under-hill;—'tis as well that the mind of the people should be prepared."

"'Tis you, Hogstown, as must do that, I expect," observed Whitlaw; "and we'd better meet at Sander's to-morrow night, and get a bit of supper together in a private room; and then we can have a look at your handbills, Hogstown, and settle, maybe, finally what's to be done Sunday night. I expect I may be able myself to pick up something among our own gangs, that may be useful; and if I do, I can make it known to you then and there."

This proposal was agreed to, and the triumvirate separated.

Whitlaw's first care, as in duty bound, was to visit the Colonel; and as he had inquired for him before starting in pursuit of Lucy, and been told that he was in a pretty comfortable fix in his arm-chair, and that the doctor expected he was better, he was a good deal startled when the black valet told him that, "massa was roaring mad wid gripes," and that "God A'mighty only knowed what to do wid him, for the doctor was stumped."

Whitlaw hastened to his room, where he found him in bed, and in truth in a very deplorable condition. Inflammation had taken place, and a mortification was expected to follow; but no one had yet been there, of sufficient courage, to tell the dying man of his danger. No sooner was Whitlaw informed of it, however, than his active and intelligent spirit suggested to him, what was proper to be done. His first care was to summon a lawyer, whom he deposited snugly in one of the sitting-rooms, with plum-cake, iced water, and whisky, wherewith to amuse himself. He next procured the attendance of two white overseers, who, if wanted, could write their names; and having placed them in another room, with a bottle of rum and a couple of glasses, he returned to the suffering Colonel.

The physician was with him, and after the examination of a few minutes, attended Whitlaw into another room.

"It's all over with the Colonel, I expect, doctor?" said Whitlaw, with very proper solemnity.

"I calculate he can't last the day, sir," was the reply; "or at any rate he'll never see the morning light again, Mr. Whitlaw. These complaints, sir, go apace in this country that mostly beats time, set it as short as you will."

"But I guess, doctor, that he wont keep on this fashion to the last? He'll come to, a little, wont he, and be more reasonable-like before he goes?"

"I calculate that it's possible he may, Mr. Whitlaw; and so, sir, if there is any business to be done, which is your meaning, I expect, I advocate your watching without much relaxity of attention. When you catch him quiet for a spell, get him to swallow a mouthful of rum, and repeat the dose as you see he wants it, till such time as he may be left in peace without inconvenience. Good day, Mr. Whitlaw, sir,—I'll look in again as I ride back;—my cab is waiting for me, I expect, and I've got to ride as far as Mount Sion."

Whitlaw looked at the patient, and saw that as yet he was anything but quiet; he therefore ventured to retire for a few moments to refresh himself, and then returned to the sick chamber, attended by one negro, carrying rum and a small glass, and another with all implements necessary for writing.—Thus prepared, the confidential clerk seated himself where he could watch the sick man without being seen by him; for the appeals of the poor sufferer to every one within reach for the succor which no one could give, was an annoyance to which even the philosophy of my hero could not render him entirely insensible.

This very anxious attendance, continued for about two hours, without any visible change in the condition of the Colonel; but at the end of that time his complaining began to cease, and he gradually sank into silence, and something approaching apathy.

Whitlaw drew near and contrived to make him swallow the prescribed cordial. The dying man opened his eyes and attempted to speak to him. It was evident he knew him, but equally evident that he had not strength to articulate. The confidential clerk poured out another glass of rum, and the patient again submitted to the dose, and with excellent effect, for in a minute or two he half raised himself in the bed and said, quite distinctly—

"Where the devil have you been, Whitlaw?"

"Engaged in your service, my dear sir," replied the young man, arranging the bedclothes and the pillow with an air of affectionate assiduity; "engaged in a way that will, I trust, spare you all farther trouble on the score of insurrection, or anything of that kind."

"That's well, Whitlaw.—And I wanted to tell you about my purchase. I've got it all, and paid down ready-money, too; but it's a capital purchase, and will turn out un-ac-count-a-ble pro-fit-a-ble."

The last words being pronounced with considerable languor, and even difficulty, a third glass of rum was presented, which was this time taken eagerly by the Colonel, and its effect immediately made manifest by so active an attempt at renewing the conversation, that Whitlaw deemed it prudent to check so idle a waste of very precious breath, saying—"My dear Colonel, I'm not altogether easy about you——though, now you're out of pain, there's good hope that all will go right; only your strength must be kept up by cordials, the doctor says, and you kept quiet, except as to any matters of business that you may have to fix."

"Business, Whitlaw? How the devil can I be doing business? Not but I feel elegant easy, too; but I expect I should be as weak as a sick puppy, if I were to stir. What business do you think I could do? I couldn't keep my eyes open for two minutes together, to see a nigger flogged, if he'd been caught at insurrection before my face."

"No, no, my dear sir,—no such sort of business as that; that your faithful friends can do for you; but no man can be sick, Colonel Dart, without wishing to settle his affairs, I expect."

"Settle?——What?—make my will, d'ye mean? Why the devil should I make my will? I'm not going to die, Whitlaw, am I?"

"Heaven forbid, my dearest Colonel, that, at such a moment as this, the country should lose you! Never were your principles, and your influence, so much wanted!——But Dr. Thomas says, that though the appearances are very particularly favorable at present, there is jest enough possibility of a relapse,—though no probability of it,—but jest, as he says, enough possibility to make it advisable, if, in case the law wouldn't dispose of your property jest as you would have it go—to make it advisable for you to leave it your own way instead."

The sick man groaned heavily, and answered not a word.

The rum-bottle, ever close at hand, was again seized, and again was the dram administered to the dying Colonel.

"Am I dying, Whitlaw?" said he, solemnly, and as if rousing all his strength to hear the answer.

"My dear Colonel, no;" replied the anxious sycophant; "but the doctor says he knows you've no reason to love your nephew overmuch—and so he thought that it might help to make you quiet and easy, perhaps, if you knew for certain that he'd never get what he never helped to make."

"My nephew?——Where is my nephew?" said the Colonel, with very alarming incoherence.

"Thank God, sir, he is not near you, nor likely to be. What was it he said you was like, sir, the last time you had him here? Don't you remember my overhearing him joking with one of the nigger gals, about you?"

"Don't I?" cried the Colonel, starting up in bed, rum and rage uniting to rouse the expiring lamp. "I expect I do, Whitlaw. You heard him say to that wench that he knew I'd a fancy for, that I was like a blighted tomato, getting rotten before it was ripe,—wasn't that it? Curse me, if ever I forget it!"

"Yes, those were the words, my dear Colonel; and yet that's the man that will have every cent of your property—estates, slaves, money, and all; if any unexpected accident should happen to you before you've made a will."

"I'll be d——d if he shall!" exclaimed the stammering Colonel. "Send for a lawyer, d'ye hear, Whitlaw. Never mind about giving me more rum now—I expect I've had enough; and 'tis your own work you'll be doing, I guess, if you bring me a lawyer."

The lawyer was instanly summoned to the room, and the two overseers ordered to be in waiting on the outside of it. By the time this was done, the Colonel appeared sleepy, and so greatly inclined to repose himself, that Whitlaw feared lest the prize, so nearly within his grasp, should even yet escape him. It was with difficulty that the inspiring cordial was now forced within his lips; but by the help of something approaching to gentle violence, this was effected, and sufficient life resulted from it to enable him to pronounce the words, "I give all I die possessed of, freehold, leasehold, and personal, to Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw, for his sole use and benefit." Hardly were the words uttered, than the two men who were to witness the signing, were brought in. The lawyer, who saw that he never should he paid for the will if he delayed to complete it, wrote the enormous bequest with all technical correctness, and with a flying pen. Whitlaw raised his patron in his arms; the document was laid before him, the pen put into his clammy fingers, another spoonful of rum forced into his mouth, and the name of George Washington Dart scrawled in nearly illegible characters upon the paper. In another moment it was duly witnessed; and the next, my hero stood, the richest man in Louisiana, before the ghastly corpse of his benefactor.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was certainly a proof either of a very strong mind, or of a very strong feeling of hatred, that this vast change in the condition of Whitlaw did not make him forget the object he had in view for Sunday night. Neither did he, in the slightest degree, neglect the means by which he hoped to ensure his success. Before this important event happened to him, he had decided upon consulting Juno, and his purpose remained unaltered, though, instead of a pitiful clerk with a salary of five hundred dollars a year, he would now stand before her, not only as her legal master and owner, but as the legal master and owner also of five hundred of her fellows, and of all the load of wealth which they had most of them passed their lives in augmenting.

Such news as this flies fast; and when the new great man entered at daybreak the hovel of the old woman, she already knew that he was her master.

Considering the feelings which rankled at her heart against him, it might have been supposed that this intelligence would have been rather painful than pleasing to her. But, for some reason or other, it was not so; and it was with joy as sincere as that which swelled his own bosom, that she congratulated him on his great change of forture.

"I thought it would please you, Juno," said he, with infinite condescension; "because you know it was your own prophecy. Don't you remember, Juno, jest before I set out for New Orlines, that you put it all in rhymes about my flying high?"

"I remember every word of it, master," replied Juno; "and I'm glad it's all likely to come true so soon, or maybe I should not live to see it."

"Oh! you'll see more yet, old woman—here's money for the good luck your words brought with 'em; and now tell me how soon I shall get into the senate—that is, after I've done sat my time in congress?"

Juno fixed her eyes upon the ground for a moment, and perhaps was trying to string into doggrel rhyme, as she was wont to do, the words she intended to utter; but if so, she probably found the gift had left her, and that she must conjure fools into her circle by other means; for after some short delay, she shook her head and replied,

"I will tell you the day and the hour in one week from this day. But this I will tell you now: Master of all though you be, your fortune, such as I saw it when I spoke my prophecy, is not yet all come to pass—but it shall!—and then you will again remember the words of Juno!"

The rich man smiled upon the miserable old woman with increased benignity, and said—

"Thank'ye, Juno—your word always brings luck, and now I want it upon another point. You've given many hints, you know, to the poor Colonel that's gone, that mischief was brewing among the slaves—and that's come true, too, like everything else. Now you must know that I and some friends with me have found out, in a curious way enough, that there's to be an unlawful praying and preaching with the black people in the forest on Sunday night; and one as we've long had our eyes upon, as no friend of good order and the prosperity of the State, Juno, is to be there, stirring the poor ignorant souls up to rebellion. Now you're up to a thing or two, Juno, and you know that the best law to stop such work as that, is Lynch-law, which does much, and says little; for all the palavering in the courts does more harm than good, most times. However, we think that the chap Bligh, as the preacher 's called, has had a hint of warning given him by a sister of his—has got a notion of what we're about, and I'm come now jest to ask your opinion whether Bligh will be at the place of meeting or not; 'cause, you see, it wouldn't do to let anybody rouse up the people and bring 'em out to the forest in the middle of the night, and then to balk 'em—would it?"

"No, Master, no," replied the sybil, earnestly.—"Do that, and trust old Juno, they'll never more obey at any word that you or yours could give.—Have you any sure knowledge that the black people do meet to pray?"

"Only what we heard a young nigger say to the gal, Bligh's sister."

"Then listen to Juno, Master!—Trust no lips but tell you that, and trust no eyes but your own. Go yourself, with me alone to place you, to this place of meeting, if it can be found. There lie concealed, and see all. Then you will know what slaves dare do this thing, and what do not; and then all may meet with justice. For them, the master's will, and the master's hand, will suffice; but for their leader, take care how you touch him in the midst of them! Remember your wealth and greatness, and do not risk your own safety for the sake of seizing, with difficulty and danger, one that may be brought to public justice in the face of day. Mark your man, and when you know him, then set your avengers on him;—but not, if you listen to Juno, not till after the next Sabbath night is gone and past."

Whitlaw did listen, and with almost devout attention, to every word she spoke; and even after she ceased, waited a moment to be sure that she had finished. He then replied exactly as she wished and expected.

"I expect, Juno, that the wisest thing I can do, is jest to take your advice. 'Twas you foretold my fortune; and 'tis you, I guess, as can best show me how to keep it. So, instead of joining with them as have no such good friends as you to counsel them, I'll tell 'em that the Colonel's death prevents my seeing them; and that as for the meeting, I shall have means to tell 'em more about it after next Sabbath. That's what I'll do, Juno—and I expect that's what you approve."

Juno assured him that if he acted thus, he would act wisely, and not only in conformity with her wish, but with the wishes of all those, whether inhabitants of earth, or air, or heaven, who watched over his destiny with the same care that she did,

"And what must I say to Hogstown and Smith?" said the rich man, looking rather puzzled; "if they found out that after putting them off, I went to the forest by myself?"

"They will never find it out," said Juno.

"But I don't see how I'm to help telling them, if I find Bligh there. For 'tis Hogstown, above all, that's to do the business at Natchez-under-hill among the white people, to set 'em on at Steinmark's. Juno, I hate them people as I hate the devil, and I must have their house burnt over their heads, before they start."

"Must you have their house burnt down, Master?" said Juno, in a tone of much reverence.

"Why, to tell you the truth, my mind is more set upon that, I think, than even catching the parson."

"And when they're jest ready to start," said the old woman, chuckling, "with all their goods done packed, you will put them in an unhandsome fix, sure enough, Master."

Whitlaw laughed, too, and replied, with the most familiar jocoseness, "That's a fact; and it's a pleasure I don't mean to lose, Juno, for it's long since I've owed 'em a grudge, I promise ye."

"The Colonel bought the place, I'm told," said Juno, "just before he died."

"And that's true," replied the heir; "but not the house. I heard him say, poor man, the last talk of business we had together, that the Dutchman must get another chapman for his house and furniture, for he wanted nothing but the land.

"It would be pity that you should not see it burning!" said Juno, who happened to know perfectly well, though he did not, that it was his own property;—"but it will be difficult to contrive about the time. It will be too late after the Sabbath night; you'd neither feel pain nor pleasure about it then."

"And why not, I wonder?—What makes you say that, Juno?"

The old woman started, as if roused from a reverie in which she had inadvertently thought aloud; but immediately recovering herself, she replied, with perfect self-possession, "I mean, Master, that I know well enough, that when great gentlefolks get a whim into their head, if it is not done off at once, they will not care a cent about it afterwards."

"I know what you're thinking of, Juno," said Whitlaw, again laughing heartily; "you're thinking of my whim about Phebe, and how I clean forgot it when I come back from Orlines, after you'd taken all that trouble about it, too. But this is another sort of whim, I promise ye; and it will keep hot longer than Sunday next."

"Well, Master, you are the lord of all, now, and you've only got to hold up your finger, and jest speak a word, and you will find people enough always ready to do your pleasure, and that without any help from Hogstown."

"I expect you're not that far wrong, there, Juno; money does give a man a d——n sight of power—and so I expect I'll just be still a spell, as you would have me, and see what will happen after."

This important consultation ended, the proprietor of Paradise Plantation returned to his mansion, for the especial purpose of issuing orders respecting the funeral of his predecessor.

As soon as he was gone, Juno set out upon an expedition upon which she had meditated incessantly, since her return from her fatal visit to New Orleans. It was already night, and though a southern summer's night is rarely very dark, there was less light in the atmosphere than usual. Juno's step, too, was less firm and assured than it was wont to be. Age, which, though it had long marked her aspect with the appearance of more than ordinary decrepitude, had hitherto seemed to have touched her strength, both of mind and body but lightly, had at last fallen heavily upon her. Her movement was slow and painful, the wild vivacity of her rapid eye was dimmed and quenched, and Juno had little now beside peculiar ugliness to distinguish her from any other negress of fourscore.

The task she was about to execute, led her to several widely-departed points of the extensive grounds; and the old bamboo that had hitherto served her so well in many ways, was hardly stout enough to support the weight she threw upon it, as she stumbled along over the rough paths she had to tread.

At length she reached the dwelling of one of the men who, together with his family, had been among the most zealous of Edward's negro congregation. The inhabitants of the hut were sunk in sleep when the old woman raised the latch and entered; but such visits from her were not unusual, and the weary negro uttered no complainings as she forced him to shake off the heavy sleep that clung to him, by telling him that she was come to say that to which no negro must turn an unwilling ear.

"And what be that?" said poor Titus, yawning.

"Titus!" she replied, while the most violent emotion shook her trembling frame,—"Titus! the hour is come! That wretch, that dog, that Whitlaw—he who has taken accursed wages for the wanton shedding of your innocent blood—he who has made your heavy chains a thousand times more heavy still, who has made your tears his sport and your torture his pastime—that man is now your master."

"I know it, mother!—we all know it; and what then?—we hab more lashes and more work to look for, mother; but you do no good to wake me ub to talk ob it."

"Titus, if you are a man, you will not let this villain live! Now is the time to take him—now is the appointed hour; now, when his riches and his glories hang thick upon him—now tear him up, root and branch, and throw him to the wolves and foxes, that are his kindred."

"O Lor! O Lor! Juno,—what monstrous wickedness is that you say! Is we not Christians, Juno? and what would our massa Edward say, if we did such a deed as that?"

"It is to save our massa Edward's life, that you must do it. The wretch has pledged himself within this hour to shed the blood of that your best and only friend—and will you let him live?"

"Shed the blood of massa Edward, Juno? No, no, he hab no power to do that, for God will come to help him."

"Impious and profane!" cried Juno, once more inspired by the strength of passion—"you shrink from the task yourself, and dare call on God to help you!—He has helped you by my means,—he has given me power to tell you of the treason this wretch meditates against the spotless saint who has taught you to know his name,—and now you will see him butchered in cold blood before your eyes, rather than raise your coward arm to help him!"

"No, Juno, no,—we will not see it: and if you will only bring our massa Edward to bid us do this thing, why then we'll do it, Juno."

Baffled and disappointed where she had hoped for aid, Juno in bitter anger left the hut of the negro Christian, and sought to use her influence upon another. Her success was no better. Poor Edward, could he have that night witnessed how well these simple people had "learned Christ," would have felt repaid for all his sufferings.

The whole night wore away in these fruitless efforts to neutralize the effect of a faith so welcome and so healing to the hearts of those who suffer; and the weary, miserable Juno crawled back to her distant shelter just as the overseers were driving their gangs to the fields.

"It must be poison then,—poison by my own hand mixed and ministered. There will be comfort in that, but it may not be easy,—first, I must get the drug from Natchez.—It shall be henbane, accursed henbane,—it is thus they poison dogs—a fitting death for him!"

But her mind was not clear; and though her purpose and her will were desperate, she had lost that quiet, cunning mastery of herself, which had hitherto insured her success in nearly everything she undertook.

We must leave her meditating on her fixed purpose, and turning in her wild and wandering brain, the means by which she might hope to effect it, while we return to Reichland to see a little how their packing proceeded, and whether they were likely to depart for New-Orleans at the appointed time.

When Phebe returned, and instead of Lucy, delivered to the family the message she had sent, a very considerable degree of gloom seemed to fall upon the spirits of the whole family. Frederic himself was decidedly not the least disturbed by it. He made Phebe repeat more than once her very graphic description of Edward, both when they first watched him taking his sad and solitary promenade under the trees, and when she had finally left him, with Lucy seated by his side, at their cottage door, looking "as settled and as quiet as if she had never left her home."

"Dear, excellent creature!" cried Steinmark, with enthusiasm—"that indeed is 'a woman that a man might love to lead round the world with him,'—a second Mary. Poor thing! she did seem so very happy here! To-day I think we must leave them quietly together—they have been sorely tried, and, as I believe, often happens, the woman has shown more passive courage than the man. To-morrow, I will go myself and see if I cannot win our melancholy Jacques into our circle. So now again to business, children. Who has remembered the dried plants? I must not have them left,—nor my fossils either, heavy and cumbrous though they be."

Karl was decidedly fidgety through the whole day, and more than once asked his father if he did not think it very likely that "his melancholy Jacques would refuse to accompany them after all."

Now this was exactly what Frederic did think; he had remarked so much high-wrought and romantic independence of feeling in Edward, such almost morbid dread of incurring obligation, and such an abandonment of all that the world calls pleasure, that the idea of his finally refusing to go to Europe, because he had not the means of paying his own and his sister's expenses, perpetually recurred to him. What made this idea the more painful to him was the very strong suspicion he entertained that his situation, and that of poor Lucy, too, was full of danger. Insult had already been heaped upon him, and judging from what had happened elsewhere, it was highly probable that injury would follow.

With these feelings he set off upon his benevolent expedition the following day, determined not to let any idle ceremony or want of open speaking on his own part interfere with the object he had in view. Karl was very desirous of accompanying him; but the gentle philosopher remained firm in his refusal, being determined, if needful, to use a tone of remonstrance with the too sensitive Edward, which the presence of another might render unnecessarily painful.

From a Correspondent of the New-York American.

MONTGOMERY AND ELLIOTT.

At Sheffield, our mutual friend S. introduced me to James Montgomery. On one of those lofty hills which sentinel the town, and start up from its dense sea of waving smoke, like island knolls lifting their heads above the ocean, stands the house where this excellent man resides. Our cards, sent in by a servant, brought him to the door, where he gave us such a right hearty welcome as made me feel quite at home ere I was seated in his drawing-room.—Though nearly seventy anxious years rest on his shoulders, his form is still erect, and his manners exhibit a bland commingling of the sprightliness of youth with the dignity of age. His emphatic style of conversation—the angles of whose abrupt and nervous transitions reflect the unquenchable fire of his grey eye—reminded me of John Quincy Adams. No doubt the contour of the head, and the tones of the voice, helped to paint to Memory's eye the sage of Quincy, while talking with the author of the World before the Flood—for they are very like. In his youth, twice did the cold walls of a prison, teach this fearless writer that that Liberty of the Press which Britain now so amply enjoys, was like Faith—but "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." When alluding to his disgraceful banishment to York Castle, his free Scotch blood grew warm, and he finished a racy sketch of the present licentiousness of the press, as compared to past days, with the quaint remark—"An Editor may steal a horse with more impunity now, than he could look over a hedge then."

The storm has passed away, and the early champion of Freedom enjoys a serene old age. He has outlived the enmity of his persecutors, and now fills an enviable place in their affections. The government which trampled on him has lifted him up, and strews its munificence in his declining path.—The pension that supports his aged steps, was worthily bestowed by Sir Robert Peel.

Though his thin snowy locks give Montgomery a venerable appearance, his poetic eye is not dimmed, nor is his natural force abated. He circumscribes his literary labors only that he may devote more time to works of charity and benevolence.

Leaving the door of Montgomery (how swiftly the two hours glided away!) I knocked at that of his neighbor, Ebenezer Elliott, the author of the "Corn Law Rhymes." The transition could scarcely have been greater. I had just parted with an educated, refined gentleman, of polished manners, and exquisitely neat personal appearance, and now found myself confronted with a stout, robust, rough man, whose blunt address and slovenly attire made me almost shrink from the proffered grasp of a hand that had penned some of the best "Rhymes" in the English language. But the good natured "walk in, walk in," of the burly poet, who stood on the threshold in his stocking feet, holding a pair of coarse shoes in his hand, summoned up my democratic blood, and assured me I was welcome. The first glance at Mr. Elliott's head reminded me of the appearance of General Jackson's when we saw him at Washington some fifteen years ago. The same bold, frank, unrelaxing expression which marks the front of the hero of the Hermitage, animates the countenance of the anti-Corn-law Rhymer. I was instructed, amused, vexed, and inspired during our interview. There is a struggling mixture of humanity, doggedness, and genius, in his composition, which makes him a rare man. His views are by turns deep and shallow; his conceptions large and little; his language bold and tame. I found a great heart in his bosom, beating strongly with generous impulses towards crushed manhood. He is an enthusiastic admirer of General Jackson, and a sworn foe of Biddle and the Bank. In England he is classed as a Radical. In America he would glory in the name of Locofoco. He improved the occasion of our pretty long discussion upon tariffs, banks, and corn-laws, to thoroughly dry his shoes and stockings—thus proving that Dr. Franklin was not the only man who held that time is money. A hundred such Rhymers would make the pillars of British aristocracy tremble on their base—ay, to their fall.

From "Acquisitiveness, its Uses and Abuses."

RIGHT USE OF WEALTH.

All wealth, natural, spiritual, and intellectual, is *in itself* good. But the love of money, or the trust in our own righteousness, or pride of our scientific and literary attainments, is what constitutes the evil of riches. For a man to love gold simply because it *is* gold, without using it for the purpose for which it was given by an all-wise Creator, is to become the slave all that is calculated to debase him for time and eternity.

He who marks out a line of distinction between himself and his fellow-creatures, and who imagines himself and his sect favorites of heaven, to the exclusion of others of a different creed, sullies the perfections of a beneficent Deity, by rendering Him "altogether such an one as himself." Reliance on his spiritual wealth will never bring him into the kingdom of God.

And the man who possesses the most splendid intellectual powers, who boasts of the multitude of his scientific and literary attainments, yet fails to acknowledge that all these are the gift of God, held in trust for his own and his fellow-creatures' good, is but little better than the beasts that perish. Satiated with intellectual light, as the miser is with gold, they are equally selfish, and equally useless; for not one active work of charity do they engage in. None of these "can by any means redeem his brother."

Books.

ISAAC T. HOPPER has for Sale, at No. 142 Nassau street, the following Books:—

Elias Hicks's Journal.
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The Truth Vindicated; being an appeal to the Light of Christ within, and to the testimony of holy scripture, by way of answer to a pamphlet entitled, "Extracts from periodical works on the controversy amongst the Society Friends."
An exposition of the faith of the religious Society of Friends, &c. By Thomas Evans.
Brief remarks on impartiality in the interpretation of Scripture. By J. J. Gurney. Printed for private circulation only.

N. B.—I. T. Hopper intends, in the course of a few weeks, to publish the second edition of the Letters and Doctrinal Writings of Elias Hicks.

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